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ZAMIRA.

A

DRAMATIC SKETCH,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

JONAS B. PHILLIPS.

NEW-YORK:

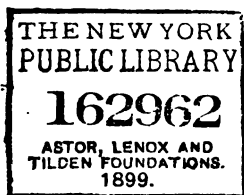
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TO MY MOTHER,

**WHOSE FONDNESS AND DEVOTION, HAVE CHEERED AND
SUSTAINED ME THROUGH AN EXISTENCE, WHICH THOUGH
BRIEF, HAS EXPERIENCED MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS,**

THIS VOLUME,

**Containing the earliest effusions of an unaspiring Muse,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**

BY HER

GRATEFUL SON.



ZAMIRA,
A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

CHARACTERS.

Ganem.

Musif.

Spahis, &c.

Zamira.

Spirit of the Lake.

SCENE.—*A romantic Landscape—a Lake in the distance—Zamira discovered.*

ZAMIRA.

Why comes he not ? I long have tarried
By this silv'ry lake, upon whose verdant banks
We have oft wander'd at the moonlight hour ;
And I have listen'd for the gentle song,
Which he is wont to chaunt when his light boat
Glides swiftly thro' the sleeping waters, like
A fairy barque, seen in midsummer dreams ;
And yet he comes not. Ah ! if his vows are false,

And he to other maidens should incline,
 And so forget his faithful, fond Zamira,
 No longer then, will beam upon her brow,
 The smiles which he so oft hath gaz'd upon,
 And call'd them, moonbeams on a modest lily.
 Hark ! do I hear his oar ? hush ! hush ! ye winds,
 That not a sound may mock my anxiousness.
 No—No—it is not ; 'tis the summer trees,
 Waving and rustling, as the evening gales
 Pass lightly through their branches.

Bright Spirit !

Who oft has cheer'd us in our saddest hours,
 With happy omens of futurity,
 Come from thine unseen dwelling ! whether
 beneath

The placid waters of this quiet lake,
 Or, in the greenwood, that is smiling near ;
 Tell me, where tarries Ganem, that he comes not
 To his Zamira, at the promis'd hour ?
 Come, gentle Spirit ! at my bidding come,
 To give new hope, or seal my woe at once.

[The Spirit of the Lake appears.]

SPIRIT.

Maiden, at whose call I come.
 From my bright and viewless home ;

Maid of ever blooming cheek,
 List the warning, that I speak.
 When in yonder starry skies,
 The moon shall brilliantly arise ;
 Passing gales shall bear along
 To thine ears, thy lover's song.
 Other maids, can win him not,
 Plighted vows are unforgot ;
 Still danger, sorrow, must thou feel,
 And weep in woe, ere joy in weal.
[The Spirit disappears.]

ZAMJRA.

And he *will* come again ! Oh ! thou bright queen
 Of yonder starry arch, why dost thou stay
 From thy celestial station ? each moment
 Of thine absence, seems an age of sorrow.
[The moon rises.]

Ah ! now art thou rising, bright herald
 Of my fond love's coming ! sweet harbinger
 Of his fidelity ! how beautiful thou art !
 Who can marvel, that all lovers love thee !
 Thy beams shed peacefulness, thy presence joy ;
 Thou art the very light of love, the orb
 Of happiness and sweet serenity.
 But soft, methinks I hear his distant song

Stealing upon the breeze which crisps the lake,
 Like the soft breathings of love's gentle lute,
 Borne on the southern gale, from orange groves.
 Oh ! this sweet silence ! which thus lets me feed
 My raptur'd ear with sounds so heavenly,
 That the imagination well might deem,
 An Angel hover'd warbling in the air.

[*A boat is seen approaching the shore with
 GANEM, who sings the following*

SONG.

My love ! each beauteous flower that springs,
 Is fair—but none so fair as thee ;
 Oh ! list the lay thy lover sings,
 As swiftly o'er the summer sea,
 Glides his light barque to thee love,
 Glides his light barque to thee.

In climes afar, in court or bower,
 Where beauty dwells and splendours shine ;
 I saw none like my mountain flower,
 No eye so bright—no form like thine,
 To win a heart like mine, love,
 To win a heart like mine.

Then swiftly o'er the placid tide,
 Like the wing'd fowl my barque shall flee ;

My mountain maid ! my promis'd bride !

Unchang'd and true, I come to thee,

To find thee so, to me love,

To find thee so, to me.

[GANEM *springs from the boat and embracing Zamira.*

Oh ! dear one—can the honey bee, that lights

On ev'ry flower, to sip its sweetness,

Taste such sweets as these, my own Zamira !

ZAMIRA.

Welcome ! more welcome than the holy dew,

Which cools the fever'd earth, art thou my love!

Oh! Ganem, each moment of thine absence

Have I counted—Why didst thou tarry so ?

A thousand fears, have shook my anxious soul—

A thousand fancies, tortured my weak mind ;

Woman that loves as I do, ever fears

In times of peril, when her love is absent.

GANEM.

I know not how it is, when most we wish

That Time should swiftly fly, he seems to lag,

And move, as tho' his wings were made of lead.

But now I'm here to listen to thy song,

More sweet than that which yonder Bulbul sings;

[*Nightingale sings.*

Hush! hush vain bird, thy plaintive warblings,

My love will teach thee sweeter notes than those.

ZAMIRA.

I cannot sing—my song was ever gay;

But sadness now is stealing over me,

And I feel like one that's doom'd to hear,

Some heavy tidings. Oh! tell me, Ganem,

Has ill befallen thee? or dost aught dread?

Thou art not friendly to the Sultan, love,

A thousand dark suspicions crowd my mind,

And dread forebodings, fill my soul with fear.

GANEM [*aside.*

She has not heard, no babbler sure, has told
Of the conspiracy.

ZAMIRA [*catching the last word.*

Conspiracy?

Oh! then, indeed, the spirit truly spoke;

And I shall weep in woe, ere joy in weal.

Ganem, thou know'st my soul is knit with thine,

A simple mountain girl 'tis true, whose cot

Would be a palace, were it shar'd with thee;

The flowers that bloom around, brighter than
gems,

Which sparkle in the court, where thou would'st
take me.

Ah! leave me not, to raise thy hostile arm
Against thy countrymen; let no civil war,
Make those whose blood perchance flows in thy
veins,

Widows or wiveless, childless or orphans.

It is a dreadful evil, when kindred

Rush on kindred, in hot war—abandon it,

Oh! as you love me Ganem, abandon it.

GANEM.

Is it not better love, that I should strive

To rid my country of a tyrant's reign,

And make all free as nature hath ordain'd?

ZAHIRA.

No—not at such cost—the peril is too great.

Ha! what light streams suddenly across the lake?

A boat with armed men, is rowing hither;

What mean they Ganem? are they friends or foes?

[A boat is seen approaching the shore.]

GANEM.

I know not—I would they sped elsewhere,
 We cannot be betray'd; who would betray?
 Sadi, would not; or Agib, or Achmet.
 Who then can be the traitor? there's Hassan,
 He is faithful—is't Musif? that man,
 I like him not—there is a devil in his eye,
 A double glance, I ever doubted; 'tis he.
 Now they come; by Allah! they are Spahis!
 Musif is there—the villain points to me!
 Ho! there, the boat!—fool! fool! I am alone!
*[He rushes towards his boat as the Spahis,
 headed by Musif, land and seize him.]*

ZAMIRA.

Hold—are ye men? ye shall not drag him
 hence!
 Tear from the dove her mate, will she not die?
 Ganem, dear Ganem—let them not part us thus.

GANEM.

My poor Zamira—one word, one word, to her.

MUSIF.

Now, Spahis, now—heed not the woman's
 shrieks,

Nor yet *his* girlish whining—on with him !
On with the sullen traitor to his doom.

GANEM. [*Struggling with the guards.*]

Oh ! that I had brave Achmet at my side,
Or e'en a sabre in this single hand,
Your triumph slaves, should not be easy won ;
And to the hell he merits, yon false wretch,
Would I in justice send.

MUSIF.

Poor fool ! rant on ;
I hold no parlance, with a maniac !
[GANEM is forced into the boat which pushes off,
ZAMIRA watching the action with intense anxiety.]

ZAMIRA.

Protect and shield him—generous Allah !

GANEM.

[*As the guards attempt to chain him.*]
No—by Mahomet, no ! not for these limbs !
I am no felon, for a felon's chains.
Off villain, off ! Ah ! Providence is kind.
[*Succeeds in drawing his dagger, with which he*
stabs MUSIF.]

Drink deep—drink deep, it is a traitor's blood.
Now then, for liberty or death !

[Leaps into the lake and swims towards the shore.]

ZAMIRA.

For life, love !

How his stout arm divides the glassy waters !
Kind Heaven, give him strength to 'scape his
foes.

Ah ! they pursue him—Oh ! my kind spirit,
Weave some magic spell, to make all motionless,
Save him whose life, hangs on this fearful crisis.

[The boat is again seen approaching the shore which GANEM reaches, and falls exhausted at the feet of ZAMIRA.]

GANEM.

Safe ! and near thee—my own—my kind Zamira !

[As the boat is again near the shore—a mist rises and intercepts its approach, the SPIRIT OF THE LAKE appears.]

SPIRIT.

Maiden rest, thy woes are over
Safe from danger, is thy lover ;

Let no idle fears alarm thee,
 Spells are wrought, and none can harm thee;
 O'er thy future life, will we
 Watch, protecting faithfully.

[The SPIRIT placing ZAMIRA'S hand in GANEM'S, continues.]

By the dangers now past,
 And the fears that are fleeing;
 By the spells that are cast,
 By unseen, yet still seeing!
 By the Spirits that dwell, where no mortal eye
 reaches,
 By the fond pray'r of love, which ne'er vainly
 beseeches!
 In the reign of the stars and the empress of night,
 Like thy souls long since wedded, thy hands I
 unite.

[The SPIRIT disappears, and the mist vanishing, discovers a beautiful landscape view and cottage.]

ZAMIRA.

See, see my Ganem, yonder is my home,
 My own sweet native cottage! there my love,
 Thinking no more of sorrows that are past,
 But as of some sad dream, which ages

Cannot wipe from faithful memory,
We cheerily will see the stream of life,
Flow calmly on, unruffled by a care.

GANEM.

My bright Peri ! thy words, are like the strains
That Angels warble unto fainting souls,
Assuring them of Paradise !

Yon cot,
Which seemingly some fairy hand has rear'd,
And love has consecrated, to love
Shall be devoted. My sweet Zamira !
There will thy Ganem pass his happy life
And think of nothing, but his bliss and thee !

SONG.

AIR.—*The Soldier's Tear.*

She saw her flowers wither,
And beheld her hopes decay ;
And all their bright creations,
Like shadows pass away :
But she gaz'd on him, whose smile
Like the summer's sun could cheer ;
And thought to weep upon his breast,
Love's home of peace, was there.

But she saw no more that smile
 Of joy upon his brow ;
 And the breast which oft had pillow'd her,
 No home of peace was now ;
 For cold the heart which beat within,
 To its first love had grown ;
 And affection's smiles which cheer'd her once,
 With hope's young dreams had flown.

There is no lustre in her eyes,
 No bloom upon her cheek ;
 She weeps not, speaks not, yet her sighs,
 The soul's despair, bespeak.
 She's fading like a summer plant,
 Forever from this earth ;
 To dwell where sorrow ne'er exists,
 Where Angels have their birth.

the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm. The first term on the right-hand side of (2.1) is the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm of the function u and the second term is the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm of the function v . The third term is the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm of the function w .

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The twenty-fourth term is the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm of the function b . The twenty-fifth term is the \mathcal{H}^1 -norm of the function a .

LORENZO CITTI.

A VENETIAN TALE.

'Tis not with age my form is bent,
Or of time that my locks complain ;
But half of my weary life was spent,
Wearing the bondman's chain.
And my hair became grey,
And my youth pass'd away,
Ere scarce it had blossom'd in sunshine a day.

My story ! Oh ! I did not deem,
That I my woes should ere relate ;
For hope ne'er sent a cheering beam,
To sooth me in my hapless state.
But so it is,—I live, am free !
From bondage, *not* from misery.

Yes, thirty years have pass'd away,
Since first the golden orb upon me shone ;
How many at my age are happy—gay,
How many ? all, all, save myself alone.

An isolated being am I now,
Heart-broken—shame, is stamp'd upon my brow.

* * * * *

Night hung o'er Venice ! her hundred spires,
Seem'd pyramids of silver in the light,
That stream'd from the summer moon above,
Calm, cloudless, beautiful and bright,
The peerless harbinger, of peace and love !
And music swell'd, and figur'd fires
Like meteors play'd in the gentle air;
And gondolas danc'd o'er the moonlit bay,
With silken streamers, waving gay,
Fill'd with the noble, the young and fair.

Why did that pageant shine ?
Why went forth Venice then with shouts of joy ?
Why brightly flow'd the ruby wine ?
Those shouts—that pageant—they were for a
boy !

Beardless and beautiful ! yet brave,
He came a conqueror to his native isles,
Fortune to him a triumph gave,
And bless'd are they, on whom the Goddess
smiles.

Lorenzo Citti ! rose on every breeze,
 Lorenzo Citti ! swell'd in every cry ;
 Oh ! how my young vain heart, then throb'd
 with pride !

But glory wither'd like the trees,
 That bloom in summer, but in winter die;
 And so *my* hopes, bloom'd, wither'd—died.

Time gaily flew—for my heart was light ;
 When youth is happy, hope is bright ;
 We dream not, storms can e'er arise,
 To shroud with gloom such sunny skies.

Envy look'd on me, my star of life
 Grew dim, and clouds began to rise ;
 I had a young and beauteous wife,
 Whose guileless heart and star-like eyes,
 Sooth'd me, ere care oppressive grew ;
 Hope died—and ah ! *she* died then too.

I had a brother, life with him was young,
 But reason never shed her cheering light
 Upon his mind, a gloom upon it hung,
 Yet he was fair, and his dark eyes were
 bright,
 And to gaze on him, none would ever deem
 That he was mad, so gentle did he seem.

He died, and it was said that I
 Had been the murderer of that boy;
 'Tis true I saw the sad one die,
 But how could I his life destroy?
 By Heaven, no! I lov'd him well;
 A suicide! the maniac fell.

I heard him shriek, beheld him fall,
 Grasping the fatal crimson'd knife;
 I snatch'd the steel, and ere a call
 Could rouse assistance, fled was life.
 O'er him I bent, the weapon in my hand,
 Thus found—charg'd—banish'd from my native
 land.

A galley slave! I who had been
 The favor'd of my own lov'd land!
 I for whom life appear'd a scene
 Of one eternal evergreen,
 Was doom'd to bear the felon's brand:

And years of toil and haplessness,
 Of utter hopeless misery;
 Without a ray of joy to bless,
 Pass'd slowly, sadly on with me.

Oh ! how I pray'd for death !
 Oh ! how I sigh'd for home !
 Tho' poison'd there, by slander's breath,
 Still there, my soul would roam.

My own lov'd Venice ! isle of flowers,
 I sigh'd for thee, and thy orange bowers.
 And often a tear would dew my eye,
 When I thought of my own, bright native sky.

I know not how, yet oft I slept,
 On the cold earth, with nought above
 But the sky, and I deem'd the bright stars wept,
 When the night dews fell on the plants
 they love,
 To give them bloom and brilliancy,
 And the fancy sooth'd my misery.

I courted sleep that "counterfeit of death,"
 For then I dreamt of my native isles ;
 And thought I was fann'd by the zephyr's
 breath,
 'Neath which each plant of their garden
 smiles.

And then I was happy, gay and free,
 And pleasures once more shone around me
 bright ;

And my wife liv'd again and smil'd on me,
 Like a cherub from realms of eternal light :
 But, Oh ! when from slumber I awoke,
 To the dreadful cold reality ;
 It seem'd if my heart again were broke,
 And my woes had immortality.

* * * * *

I was pardon'd, I knew not, reck'd not why,
 I breath'd again my native air ;
 But each gaze was from a stranger's eye,
 Altho' none strange to *me* were there.
 Freedom alleviates some pain,
 But what would wipe away *the stain* ?

I sought my father's halls once more,
 A stranger holds them now ;
 For *me* no longer opes the door,
 No menials to me bow ;
 I, like a house dog e'en would lie
 At that door, if they *there* would let me die.

But a wretched outcast am I now,
 And must bend my body low ;
 To those who once unto *me* did bow,
 Who once, I *would* not know.

Friendless and houseless now I roam,
 In, no—not now, not now my home.
 Let no such thought, my soul o'ercast,
 Venice *will* give a home at last.

Yes, yes, perchance a few brief years,
 She'll yield the wanderer a grave;
 'Twill not be dew'd with friendship's tears,
 They will not *weep* who would not *save*.
 No lofty monument will mark the spot,
 Where I shall sleep, *once* honor'd, *now* forgot.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

DEPARTING cheerless year farewell!
 Thy beauties have all wither'd, and thy joys
 Have fled like visions which dark woe destroys.
 Thy records! let us scan them,—aye, they tell
 Another year has flown, and mine own life,
 Is in its progress to the silent grave;
 A little while, I'll watch this earthly strife

'Twixt man and man—and yes, 'tween man
and fate,

And view them toss'd on fortune's swelling
wave,

Laugh at each other's woe, and murmur at their
state.

Farewell, departing year !

The recollections of by-past time crowd on me
now ;

Oh ! it is sweet to think of early days,
When gay in youth, I climb'd the mountain's
brow,

To greet the rising sun, or watch his parting
rays.

But all the joys of youth have pass'd away,

And thus from youth to age, doth life progress ;
From age unto the grave, thence—who dare say,
What fears condemn him ? what the hopes
that bless ?

Beyond the grave, but ONE can know the
change,

And He ordains all that is just and wise ;

Here let us pause, for if reflections range
 To the eternal realms, beyond the skies,
 Vague hopes, dark fears, the human breast
 pervade,
 Trembling, we pause—to venture on, afraid.

Hail coming year ! mankind all bid thee hail !
 Yet know not why, soon wilt thou leave us too ;
 Doubtless thou bringest storms that will assail,
 The frail barque of existence, man will rue
 Thy coming, yet he hails thee, for Hope says,
 Perchance, thou may'st bring to him brighter
 days.

Deluded man ! each year might calmly pass,
 If thou submissively would'st yield to fate ;
 And as the sand flies swiftly thro' the glass,
 Learn not to murmur at thy earthly state.
 Alas ! the task is hard, to the last bourne,
 Man mourns forever, he was “made to mourn.”

THE INDIAN GIRL'S ADDRESS
TO THE EUROPEAN.

THOU bid'st me come from my forest home,
 Where the wild rose blooms and the red deer
 roam ;

To speed with thee o'er the waters wide,
 To a land where thou say'st, I shall be thy bride,
 And rich attire shall there be mine,
 And the pride of wealth around me shine.

Ah ! no, ah ! no, there are treasures here,
 To my heart of innocence, far more dear ;
 And I would not fly from this seat of health,
 For all the glittering pride of wealth.
 And my Indian youth !—oh ! his eye to me,
 Outshines all thy jewels brilliancy.

White man—I cannot speed with thee
 To thy home, athwart the wide rolling sea ;
 My heart cannot wander from scenes of youth,
 And the friends, and the lov'd one, who claims
 my truth.

And can I forget him ? Ah ! no, ah ! no,
While the red sun shines, or the blue waves flow.

Hast thou seen him ? his form's like the graceful pine,
And his eyes are black, and with love they shine,
When they gaze on me ; but when rous'd in fight,
Ah ! then indeed are they fearfully bright.
And the foeman have quail'd 'neath the glance of
his eye,
As swift from the strength of his arm they would
fly.

Here, white man, I give thee a wampum band,
'Tis the work of the Indian maiden's hand ;
Oh ! keep it, an emblem of peace 'twill be,
Between us, when thou art athwart the sea ;
But again ask me not, with thee to rove,
From my forest home and the youth I love.

I ask not wealth—there are treasures here,
To the red girl's bosom, more bright and dear ;
The music of birds, as in air they spring,
Is sweeter than any, which man can bring ;
And the silver waters, when calm can be,
A mirror full bright and clear for me,

No rich attire I crave from thee,
 That of my race, suits well for me ;
 No jewels bright need adorn my hair,
 I can deck it with flowers more bright and fair;
 I ask no gems—my pride—my wealth,
 Are my INDIAN LOVE, and the smiles of health.

NATIONAL MELODY.

THE harp of my country ! tho' young, yet its tone
 Can awaken the spirit of Freedom, and tell
 Of the deeds of our Fathers, who honor'd have
 gone,

In peace to their rest, or in battle have fell.
 It can tell of the time, when oppression uprear'd
 His power to crush, and her sons to enslave,
 And boast of the heroes who fearlessly dar'd,
 To battle for Freedom on land and on wave.

The harp of my country ! its tones shall ere long
 Be heard o'er the ocean, and Liberty there,

Shall arouse from her slumber and list to thy song,
And her soul-stirring cry, shall swell loud on
the air.

The chains shall be broken that fetter mankind,
And tyranny perish wherever it be ;
And man, urg'd by nature, shall nerve heart and
mind,
And all, LIKE AMERICA, DARE TO BE FREE !

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I SLUMBER'D, not on downy bed,
Or 'neath pavillion gay and bright ;
But pillow'd was my weary head
Upon the velvet turf, and light
The summer zephyrs sportive play'd,
Around my couch by nature made.

Calm was that sleep, for life was young,
And Hope enchantingly then sung ;
No cloud of sorrow dimm'd the ray,
For youthful hearts are ever gay.

I had a vision, glorious, bright—
 The dreams of youth are ever light ;
 But ah ! that vision fled too soon,
 Like the diamond beams of an infant moon.

Calm was my rest, when around my bed
 Of verdure, it hover'd bright and fair;
 Like the meteor gleam of Hope it fled,
 And melted away in the balmy air.

Each shadow of sleep in memory dwells,
 Or joy, or woe, to the heart it tells,
 And my dream of Heaven, doth still remain,
 On that record of bliss, as it is of pain.

In that sweet vision, first upon my view,
 Arose a being beautiful and fair ;
 His eyes of beaming innocence were blue,
 In graceful ringlets flow'd his golden hair.

Radiant his wings, and on his sacred brow,
 The brilliant halo of Eternal love,
 Shone with resplendent light; low did I bow,
 I knew he came from those bright realms
 above,

Where dwells THE DEITY : and thus he spake,
 With voice far sweeter than "a summer lute ;"
 Even the breeze, did not the stillness break,
 I heard in silence—reverence is mute.

Thus spake the Angel. "Mortal with me fly,
 "To regions far beyond the sky,
 "There enjoying lasting bliss,
 "Sigh not for a world like this."

And then methought, his hand in mine entwin'd,
 And rising swifter than the fleet wing'd wind,
 On air we mounted, and serene, my soul
 Possess'd no earthly feeling, as I gaz'd,
 E'en as the eagle on the sun, which blaz'd
 In summer strength, I was in Heav'n's control.

Earth was beneath me, and it seem'd
 Bereft of beauty and no longer fair ;
 Swift to the glories, which above us beam'd,
 Still we pursu'd our upward flight thro' air.

Soon we approach'd the everlasting gate,
 On which I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
 Here then, methought, we enter on that state,
 Where bliss is lasting as 'tis pure and bright.

Then said the Angel, "Open wide
 "Ye everlasting portals, for I bring
 "Another to these realms of joy and love,
 "To join the spirits who delight to sing,
 "The praise of Him who reigneth here above."
 Then did the golden portals open wide—
 Heaven was there in its eternal pride.

Rich odours mingled in the gentle air,
 Music's soft numbers swell'd, and silvr'y strains
 Were sung by "Angels ever bright and fair,"
 To HIM who there in peace, forever reigns.

Then I beheld the everlasting throne,
 Adorn'd with jewels far more bright,
 Than those which gem "the robe of night."
 I knelt before the HIGH AND MIGHTY ONE,
 Adorn'd in silence, and in silence lov'd,
 As onward then, a bright wing'd choir mov'd;
 Enchanted on their melody I hung,
 While thus harmonious, the Angels sung.

THE HYMN.

Before thy throne, eternal King !
 We bend in holy love ;

In reverence thy praise to sing,
 United here above.
 In Majesty Supreme, alone,
 Thou guid'st our Heavenly way;
 While hov'ring 'round thy sacred throne,
 We own thy mighty sway.

Then onward mov'd the sacred throng,
 Still chaunting the adoring song.
 The golden harp, a Seraph rung,
 The Hallelujah, loud was sung,
 While every celestial grove,
 Echo'd the notes of peace and love.

I follow'd and delighted gaz'd,
 I listen'd, wonder'd, bow'd and prais'd !
 Around me flowers sprung, whose bloom
 Fades not like those of earth ;
 Their odours the light breeze perfume,
 Which fans them from their birth.

The vision fled—my slumber broke,
 In admiration I awoke;
 I gaz'd around me, earth was green,
 And flowers were blooming fair and bright ;

But not like those that I had seen,
Where fancy show'd me realms of light.

Again I slumber'd, but that dream
No longer round my pillow play'd,
It vanish'd, like the meteor's gleam,
But ne'er from memory can fade.

PENN'S TREATY.

THE Savage yielded, but no blood
Crimson'd the fertile land;
He bow'd before the wise and good,
And the weapon fell from his hand.

They stood around the sacred tree,
And the compact of peace was made;
It was not sign'd with the blood of the free,
Or sworn on the shining blade.

Religion, wisdom, quell'd the rage
Of the savage, the tale is true;

The knife was thrown at the feet of the Sage, ✕
 The victor no weapon drew.

With no cries of war did the air resound, ✕ ✕
 No tomahawk gleam'd in the sun ;
 He spoke, and silence reign'd around,
 The victory then was won.

The city is now where the red deer rovd,
 The hall, where the wigwam stood ;
 It has flourish'd, the land which the Indian lov'd,
 Was not purchas'd with Indian blood. ✕

And the red man when Miquon's name was
 breath'd,*
 Bow'd low and remember'd the story ;
 No marble is rais'd, no shrine is enwreath'd,
 The world attests his glory.

* Miquon—the Indian name of William Penn.—See
 Records of Pennsylvania.

+ 1. was too much
 + 2. ~~was~~ too much

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

It was a sight of beauty, tho' replete
With sad reflections, that would wake the sight
Of tender pity.

The scene was lovely—

It was a summer's eve, in that bright land,
Where fragrant groves and flowers of ev'ry hue,
Bloom beautifully; the sunny clime
Of happy Italy! the pale calm moon,
Shed o'er the verdant earth her thousand beams,
To light the widow and her orphan twins,
To the small church-yard; where in "dreamless
sleep,"

Repos'd their father in an humble grave;
Mark'd by no stone or monument of pride.
A blooming rose tree, which in life he lov'd,
The pious widow had transplanted there,
The tenant of that grave, had met his death
As gallant soldiers should, in serving that,
Which next to his Creator, he should serve;
With heart sincere, and to its cause attach'd,
The soil which gave him birth, his native land,

The widow still was youthful, and yet fair,
 Tho' grief had plac'd the lily on the cheek,
 From whence, with cruel hand he stole the rose.
 Weeping she stood by that low narrow bed,
 Wherein lay "half her heart;" her boy and girl
 Were by, *their* only grief, their mother's tears.
 They ask'd the cause of so much wretchedness;
 She pointed to the grave, and thus she spake,
 While tears, like dew over a marble face,
 Roll'd brightly down her care-worn pallid cheeks.

MOTHER.

My tears, poor innocents! for ye are shed;
 And I, in sadness now have brought ye here,
 To lead ye to the grave, where sleeps your sire.

GIRL.

Why sleeps our sire here? sure 'tis far better
 He should go with us to our cottage home;
 I'll wake him, mother.

MOTHER.

Hush! hush—my darling!
 Thou can'st not wake thy father—I have call'd
 Full often in the bitterness of grief

Upon him, yet woke him not—thou can'st not,
He is dead.

BOY.

Dead ? I shot a sparrow with
The bow he gave me ; the arrow pierc'd its side,
And the poor bird died lingering at my feet.
Oh ! how it struggled, ere its end arriv'd !
Was such my father's pain ? Ah ! tell me ;
Did he struggle ere he died, and suffer
Like that gentle sparrow did, sweet mother ?

MOTHER.

Worse, worse, my boy ; thy guileless heart was
pain'd,
In merely seeing a poor sparrow's death ;
Oh ! how it would have bled, had'st thou beheld
Thy father fall in battle, and there die.

GIRL.

What is a battle, mother ?
And tell me why my father left his home,
And went there ?

BOY.

Oh ! I can tell thee what a battle is ;
For oft of them has our father spoken,

And told me too, how there he bravely fought,
 That foemen might not desolate our cot,
 And drive us to a foreign land, perchance.
 I'll tell thee what *he* said a battle was.
 When foemen meet each other, and then fight
 With naked swords and cannon, which to hear,
 Thou would'st in very terror hide thyself;
 They strive to kill each other, too, sweet Sis,
 And thus I fear, our father met his death.
 Is it not so, dear mother?

MOTHER.

'True, my boy;
 'Twas even so, thy gallant father died.
 And now thou hast not one beside myself,
 Save God above, to watch and guard thy youth.
 Then join your prayers of innocence with mine,
 That *He* who will not let the orphan want,
 May give your mother fortitude, to rear
 The two last scions of her husband's race.

BOY.

Oh ! yes my mother, soon, thou art aware,
 I shall be old enough to toil for thee ;
 And we again shall see thee gladly smile;
 And Eloise will join her aid with mine,

To win glad laughter from thy solac'd heart,
And make thy life pass happily along.

SONG.

1

Oh ! maiden, pretty maiden, say,
If pity in your heart reposes ;
Hast seen a little boy this way,
His brow adorn'd with blooming roses ?
His smile, his arch, his eyes are blue,
And bright as stars that gleam above ;
His name, ah ! guess it fair one, do ;
They call the wily urchin, Love.
Ah ! hapless me ! ah ! well a day,
Where shall I seek him ? maiden say.

2

Oh ! maiden, pretty maiden, say,
Hast ever seen the saucy creature,
Who wounds our peace, then runs away ?
There's mischief in his every feature.

On yonder bank of verdure bright,
 I sat and crown'd the boy with flowers ;
 My heart he stole, then took his flight,
 And I've been seeking him for hours.

Ah ! hapless me—ah ! well a day !
 Where can I find him ? maiden, say.

3

Oh ! maiden, gentle maiden, then,
 If meeting him, this favor do me ;
 Tell him to send my heart again,
 Or for it, give his own unto me.
 But stop, together let us hie,
 And seek him in his own bright bowers ;
 For there conceal'd, the rogue may lie,
 A wily serpent, hid 'mongst flowers.

Ah ! luckless me—ah ! well a day,
 Shall I there find him ? maiden, say.

THE DEPARTURE OF A BRIDE
FROM HER NATIVE LAND.

My bride ! my barque is on the sea,
 To my native land we go ;
 Art thou not love, content with me
 That thus thy tears do flow ?
 Is it because the sea is wide ;
 Or the tempest loud, dost fear ?
 Oh ! tremble not, my gentle bride,
 The danger *thou* dread'st, I share.

Thou hast read, perchance, of the boundless deep,
 Of the mariner toss'd on the wave ;
 And think'st our gallant barque may sweep,
 Light o'er some lost one's grave.
 But calm thy fears, behold the sea,
 Is smooth as the silver stream,
 On whose banks thou so oft hast stray'd with
 me,
 When illum'd by yon moon's bright beam.

Come dearest, come, yon gentle moon,
 Which is sailing now above,
 Will light our way, and haply soon
 We'll reach our home of love.

No—no—I fear nor wind nor wave,
 Or the dangers of the sea ;
 For should'st *thou* perish, would not thy grave,
 Be the same that would yearn for me ?
 But my sire is old, and my mother sleeps
 In death, in yon church-yard nigh ;
 And when an aged *father* weeps,
 Should no tears dew a *daughter's* eye ?

'Tis true my brother will yet remain,
 My father's age to cheer ;
 But, oh ! when ill, who could soothe his pain,
 Like a daughter, if one were near.
 And is not this my native land,
 The home of my early days ;
 Where Hope first wav'd her fairy wand,
 Where I caroll'd my earliest lays ?

And cold is the heart, that would not ache,
 When parting from scenes like these ;

When a last farewell, it would pause to take,
 Ere it speeds athwart the seas.
 But now I am thine—yes native land,
 Thy child afar must roam ;
 She gave her heart, when she gave her hand,
 She hies to another home.

But oh ! she loves you, this fond adieu,
 She linger'd awhile to take ;
 Father—Brother, farewell to you,
 No more,—or her heart will break.
 Tho' love may bless her and pleasure shine,
 Yet memory oft will roam
 To that spot, where nature erects a shrine
 For worship, her native home.

Come, come, I hear the seaman's cry,
 I fear not the foaming wave ;
 With thee all peril I defy,
 All dangers I would brave.
 But marvel not thy bride did weep,
 When ties like hers were broken ;
 But 'tis past, we are now on the boundless deep,
 Home ! the farewell is spoken.

SONNET.

I SAW these flowers cull'd, beheld them wove
By fairy fingers, in a blooming wreath ;
And she was beautiful as infant love,
Who pluck'd them sparkling from the dew
gem'd heath ;
She seem'd the blooming goddess of the morn,
As she mov'd lightly, happily along ;
And on the passing breeze was lightly borne,
Her happy, innocent, and lark-like song.
The wreath is blighted, as yon flowers died,
So died that maiden of Angelic brow ;
I saw them wither and I sadly cried,
Those plants, that lovely one, where are they
now ?
And then methought, so fadeth all things bright,
As day is banish'd by the gloom of night.

TURKISH SERENADE.

DAY is declining,
The red sun has set,
The pale moon is shining
On high minaret.
Its diamond beams dancing
Upon the smooth sea,
Like thine own bright eye glancing
In sport love, of me.
Come to me Zaidee, hasten to me,
Leave thy light slumber, love calls to thee.

Hither my Zaidee,
Thy lover is near,
Love will upbraid thee,
If thou art not here.
My boat o'er the billow,
Shall bear thee along;
Court not thy pillow,
But listen my song.
Come to me dearest, hasten to me,
Leave thy light slumber, love calls to thee.

Music's soft numbers,
 Thy light sleep shall break;
 Love never slumbers,
 He's ever awake.
 Silence is reigning,
 All nature now sleeps;
 Save the night bird complaining,
 That "Love wakes and weeps."
 'Tis Love's hallow'd hour, come then to me,
 And gladden a heart, that throbs only for thee.

VIRINIUS,

AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THE cause—aye, *that* will consecrate the crime;
 The guilt is on *his* soul—not upon mine.
 Why, would he not have robb'd my child of life,
 In taking that, which life can purchase not?
 Then what did I? I did not murder her,
 As hir'd bravo's would, or vengeful men.
 Ah! no, ah! no, it was in grief—God knows,
 In bitter grief I plung'd this steel

Into her guileless heart. I gave her life,
 And gave her life again, by taking it.
 'Twas to save that, without which life is void
 And worthless too, more worthless than the weeds
 Which grow in gardens, that neglected lie,
 And render all around them noxious too.
 Oh ! what is woman, when she loses that
 Which all mankind, in kindness cannot give,
 Yet oft in cruelty will take away.
 If slander breathes upon her chastity,
 Will she not perish ? then shall *he* perish,
 Who would have robb'd my child of that dear
 gem.
 Appius, beware ! by all the Gods I swear,
 By the pure blood of her thou would'st have
 stain'd,
 I'll have thy heart, thy rotten heart, foul wretch !
 Hark—hark ! she cries to me, she calls for
 vengeance !
 Yes, sainted girl, thy father hears thy cry.
 Here from the forum, where the traitor sits
 In all the hardihood of reckless guilt,
 I'll drag him through the streets of wond'ring
 Rome ;
 And 'frighted maids will stare, and matrons cry,
 "Look, where the angry father drags the ~~wretch~~

"Who sought to blast the honor of his house."
 'Tis just revenge ! the sacred Gods themselves
 Will give me their applause. Here, Appius,
 Her father—aye Virginia's Father,
 Waits thy coming—thou wilt *not* come—but
 now
 I have thee—down to the damn'd, more curs'd
 thyself,
 Than any horrid minister of hell !

THE HOUR OF EVE.

THERE'S beauty in the evening hour,
 When the heart is calm, and the sky is bright ;
 When the dew is sparkling on the flower,
 Like diamonds in the moon's soft light ;
 When the lover guides his little boat
 'Neath his lady's lattice, o'er the stream ;
 Which seems o'er the sleeping waves to float,
 Like the shadowy thing of a fairy's dream.
 When each star in the silent deep that gleams,
 Like the tear-dew'd eye of beauty seems.

There's holiness in the evening hour,
 When the knee is bent and the heart is rais'd;
 And the vesper hymn steals o'er lake, thro'
 bower,

And the Father of heaven and earth is prais'd.
 When healthy nature in calmness sleeps,

And the forest beasts in their caverns crouch,
 Or an anxious mother, wakes and weeps,

Watching her suff'ring infants couch.
 Oh ! look around ye, and believe,
 There's holiness in the hour of eve.

There's terror in the evening hour !

When the weary traveller wends his way
 Thro' unknown paths, when tempests lower
 And lightning thro' the storm clouds play.

When fearful, the silence of night is broke
 By the cry of beasts that affrighted roam

The trackless wild, and night birds croak,

And the trembling lost one, weeps for home !
 Then look around ye, and believe,
 There's terror in the hour of eve.

There's pleasure in the evening hour,
 In the halls where light and beauty shine;

When songs are heard in mirth's rosy bower,
 And sorrow is drowned in ruby wine.
 When music swells and maidens dance,
 Like spirits of air, thro' the fairy scene;
 And the flowers of life to the youthful glance
 Seem thornless, bright and ever green.
 Oh! turn away then, and believe,
 False pleasure is that, of the hour of eve.

There's quiet in the hour of eve,
 In the peasant's cot, where contentment smiles;
 When the sacred words, his cares relieve,
 Or the song of innocence, time beguiles.
 Where health gives happiness, and sleep
 Is tranquil, careless and serene;
 And the woodbines round his cottage creep,
 Like contented life, forever green.
 Still gaze on this, and still believe,
 His, is the calmest hour of eve.

THE DEATH OF THE TRAPPER.

Suggested from Cooper's Novel of the "PRAIRIE."

He died ;
 And oh ! it was no common tribute, which
 The mighty monarch who spares none, receiv'd,
 When he gave up his lease of lengthen'd life.
 How noble, awful, yet sublime, his death !
 Pain had not sever'd the mysterious tie,
 Which to the body binds the immortal soul ;
 But nature, weary grown, yielded at last,
 To the destroying angel of his God.
 The young and gallant chief, whom he had call'd
 The son of his adoption, one hand clasp'd ;
 The other, held that of the descendant
 Of his ancient friend. His faithful dog
 Was at his feet, lifeless, yet seeming
 In his view to live ; he was unconscious
 That his trusty friend, had paid the debt,
 All that are mortal owe, unto the author
 Of their fleeting lives.

His was fast ebbing ;
 His eye had lost its brightness, and his arm

The vigor which in youth had strengthen'd it.
 At times a beam of intellect reviv'd.
 Would light his features and again illumine
 His death contracted brow—then, would he
 speak
 Of early days, and of his coming death ;
 Told where his father slept, and humbly crav'd,
 Some stone might tell, where he himself should
 sleep,
 That future generations might derive
 The knowledge, that a man like him had liv'd,
 A man like him had died,

 He paused,
 And silence was around him ; then again,
 His face resum'd a glow of healthfulness,
 His eye its brightness, and his arm its strength ;
 Raising his unbent form, as in obedience
 To some mighty call, " Here !" cried the ancient
 one,
 And sunk again into his humble seat,
 Then into slumber, calm as infant's rest,
 Never to wake on earth.

G L E N F U I N .

THEY have gone from thy ancient hall,
 Proud castle ! Sire and son;
 The harp hangs silent on thy wall,
 And thy banner floats like a funeral pall,
 Dark, desolate and lone.

No beacon light is in thy tower;
 Deserted and drear is thy lady's bower;
 And the ivy, as though in mockery,
 Is all, lone castle, that clings to thee.

Why art thou thus deserted ? where are they,
 The brave, the beautiful, the young and gay,
 Once the bright circle of thy hearth,
 Thy lords of high renown and noble birth.
 Answer, ye time worn towers ! where are they ?
 Your silence answers, they have pass'd away.

And thou old castle—work of mortal hand,
 Thy walls and battlements still frowning stand ;
 While those who rear'd thee, those whom God
 had made,

Have pass'd from earth and in the tomb are laid.
 The stranger wanders through thy silent halls,
 And gazes on thy trophy cover'd walls ;
 While on the time worn scroll, he thus can trace,
 The "Legend of the Lady of thy race."

THE LEGEND OF THE LADY OF GLENFUIN.

She was fair, and her gentle eye
 Was blue as the azure above ;
 And her song, like an angel's lullaby,
 Drew maiden's tears and manhood's sigh,
 And won the soul to love.

She was not of lordly race,
 But Glenfuin had high renown ;
 And he liv'd in the sun-light of her face,
 And he vow'd, that the maiden's charms would
 grace
 And give lustre to a crown.

She was wedded—the beacon light
 Then blaz'd in Glenfuin's towers ;
 In the halls there shone a pageant bright,



And the minstrel sung of Glenfuin's might,
Mirth reign'd in the smiling bowers.

The reign of pleasure fled,
And the war cry loud was given;
And Glenfuin's lord, to battle sped
With sword in hand, and helm on head,
And his bride he left to heaven.

She sought the turret high;
He was last of a lordly race;
She saw the foe from his legions fly,
A shout! there was terror in the cry,
And the bloom fled from her face.

They laid him upon his shield,
And o'er him the tartan spread;
His hand grasp'd the sword it would never yield,
And slowly they march'd from the battle-field,
Bearing the honor'd dead.

She met them—she knew it all;
“Oh! speak not,” the sad one cried;
Her hand remov'd the martial pall,
One long loud shriek—they saw her fall,
Her heart broke, and she died.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

FAREWELL, farewell to the earth we love,
 The spirit that blights is near;
 His white mist gathers o'er lake and grove,
 And his breath is on the air.
 The bloom of our lives is now fading away,
 And the pale leaves around us fall;
 The voice of stern winter we must obey,
 Tho' death be in his call.

Farewell, farewell to the cheerless earth,
 Till Spring smiles on bower and plain;
 Oh! in joy ye will hail our happy birth,
 For then shall we bloom again.
 When the honey bee sips our earliest sweet,
 When the dew on our petals shine;
 When the Spring birds their merry songs repeat,
 And the May wreath maidens twine.

The cold breath is on us, fare thee well,
 We are withering fast away;

Nor maiden's sigh, nor magic spell
 Our presence here can stay.
 We are fading fast, frail beauty mark
 Our lives, and this lesson prove ;
 Tho' the winter of life may be chill and dark,
 There's a spring which ne'er fades above.

HAMILCAR EXHORTING HANNIBAL
TO SWEAR ETERNAL ENMITY TO ROME.

If thou would'st go with me, to share my fate
 In that detested land, whate'er it prove ;
 Then thou must go as I shall, with a heart
 Of bitter enmity to hateful Rome.
 Come then, my boy, the sails are stiff'ning,
 Their bosoms swell to meet the fav'ring breeze ;
 The gallant vessel only waits our coming.
 But ere we leave the home of our fathers,
 Where our best affections all are center'd,
 Here on the altars of our sacred Gods,
 Whom I invoke to register thy vow ;
 Swear by the glory of thine ancestors !

By the fond love thou bearest unto me—
 By the stern God of battles ! thou wilt hate
 Forever, Rome and her accursed offspring.
 Hate them, my son, deep, deadly and eternal ;
 And pursue them with thy hatred, whilst thy
 heart

Throbs warmly with the love of liberty.
 Such is the oath I would propound to thee,
 And such the oath that I would have thee take.
 Now on this sabre, which so oft has drunk
 From the warm purple fountain of our foes,
 And register'd in blood the hate I bear them ;
 Swear that thy heart throbs like thy father's, boy.

HANNIBAL. [*Kneeling and kissing the sword.*]

Witness, ye Gods ! Eternal enmity to Rome,
 I swear !

HAMILCAR.

Enough, the Gods have heard the oath !
 As ye observe it, may they deal with you ;
 Prospering in faith—perishing in perjury.
 Now then, away to Rome, my boy, to Rome,
 With arms as strong in nerve, as hearts are firm
 In hatred.

THE SPIRITS OF THE FLOWER ISLE.

THERE is an isle, which the blue sea laves
 With its foaming, sparkling, sun-lit waves ;
 Where flowers are blooming and orange groves,
 And all that romance in its revels, loves.
 Of that isle of beauty, a tale I bring.
 Which the spirits that dwell there delight to sing ;
 Too bright was that spot for man's abode,
 And no mortal it's soil had profanely trod.
 Yet the light wing'd spirits that thro' it rov'd,
 Have as mortals liv'd, and as mortals lov'd.
 The bright moon shone on that flowery isle,
 Where the beauties of nature forever smile ;
 And calmness reign'd o'er the fairy scene,
 And silver light stream'd o'er fields of green.
 The lake that flow'd thro' the fertile grove
 Was calm as the slumber of infant love ;
 While each star in the silent deep that gleam'd,
 Like the tear-dew'd eye of beauty seem'd.
 There came a sound thro' the orange grove,
 Like the gentle soothing strain of love ;

'Twas a fitting night for the god to stray
 From his rosy couch, and wend his way
 'Thro' the bowers and groves of an isle like this,
 Fair, as the fabled home of bliss :
 And his light boat danc'd o'er the silv'ry stream,
 Like the shadowy thing of a fairy's dream.
 There was a spirit of manly grace,
 In the barque of Love, in that holy place ;
 And swift o'er the stream as it flew along,
 This was the bright-wing'd gallant's song.

“ Dear one ! I come now the night breezes
 sigh,
 And nature sleeps calm 'neath the star-span-
 gled sky ;
 'To win thee from slumber, I've left my lone
 cell,
 Love's song to sing to thee, Love's story to tell ;
 Love guides my boat o'er the star-illum'd
 stream,
 And Heavens own gems, on my pathway
 gleam.

Then come my love, come, from thy rose
 cover'd bower,
 Ere morning is beaming on stream and on
 flower.”

Then came on the passing breeze, a voice
 To bid the sorrowing heart rejoice ;
 And this was the sweetly warbled song,
 Borne on the gentle gale along.

“ I come, I come from my rosy bower ;
 While the night dew is glist’ning on shrub and
 flower,
 With a wreath in the moon’s gentle light en-
 twin’d,
 For the spirit by love in my soul enshrined.

Hither—Oh ! hither, thy light boat guide,
 ‘To meet and to greet me—thy happy bride.’”

That spirit was fair ; the day ne’er beam’d
 On fairer—Romance never fairer dream’d ;
 A creature of heavenly loveliness,
 Who was form’d for love, and form’d to bless.
 And her heart’s young idol, smiling came,
 And whisper’d softly his lov’d one’s name.
 He sung of love, and that spirit bright,
 With his, did her bird-like voice unite.

Again in love’s light canoe is he,
 With that beauteous being happily ;

While gallantly, gallantly o'er the tide,
 Sail the spirit lover and his bride.
 Now chang'd is the scene—cries rend the air,
 The spirits of envy have left their lair ;
 The bright moon flies from the vaulted sky,
 And the robe of the tempest is hung on high :
 And the storm fiends shriek, and the lightnings
 glare,
 And meteors flit through the murky air.

Where was the light boat then ? the wave,
 Did it ope for those spirits of love, a grave ?
 Ah ! no, they were borne by the angry tide,
 To the cave where the demons of wrath reside ;
 And fearful and dark was that cavern's gloom,
 Which seem'd to them as a living tomb.
 While fetter'd there, th' exulting cry,
 She heard, as the spirits of wrath went by.
 Now hush'd is the storm—the young and fair
 Were taken and bound, in that dark cave there;
 Then came before them a vengeful train,
 And this was their loud triumphant strain.

“ Spirits ! that ride on the stormy wave,
 Who dwell unseen in this darksome cave,

Hither ! the loves of the Flower isle
Are here ; and blasted their happy smile.

“ They shall not leave us, shall ne’er unite,
The bud of their hopes, ere it blooms, we
 blight ;
And they shall dwell in our lonely cave,
No joys to bless them—no friend to save.

“ Weep, aye weep ! your tears are bright,
’Tis woe to ye, but to us delight ;
Yes, sigh, to our ears ’tis music sweet,
As the strains that are warbled in loves
 retreat.

“ Wither, aye wither, before our eyes,
Like the flower which slowest droops and
 dies.
Lost—lost to ye, is thy isle of Flowers,
And hopeless forever, your future hours.”

But their strain is hush’d, for terror now
Drives the smile of triumph from their brow ;
Some spirits to rescue, fearless, brave,
Have sought their lone and gloomy cave;

Their fearless shouts, thro' the cavern ring,
And thus the gallant spirits sing.

“ Hither, hither spirits bright !
Wend your way with footsteps light ;
Bring the charm, their chains to break,
And the rescuing chorus wake.
Bright wing'd son of the Flower isle,
Fear not, peerless daughter ! smile.

“ The charm is wrought, the spells that bind thee,
Broken are, unharm'd we find thee ;
Dark wing'd demons of this cave,
Fly before the good and brave.”

And many a magic spell was wrought,
When the Flower spirits that dark cave sought ;
And the rescu'd lovers gay and free,
To their isle of beauty, fled merrily.
Their nuptial banquet was gay and bright,
In a fairy grot, by the silver light
Of a summer moon—while spirits there,
With unseen melody fill'd the air.
They were wedded, those spirits of loveliness,
And joy their nuptial hour did bless ;

While every verdant bower and grove,
Echo'd the joyous notes of love.

ERIN'S EXILE.

AFAR from the clime where his father was born,
In the land of the stranger, the wanderer rov'd ;
But his heart with devotion, oft fondly would
turn
To that green isle of beauty, the home that he
lov'd.

He thought of the days, when her wild harp was
strung,
To notes that re-echo'd, o'er earth and o'er
sea ;
When the strains that her minstrels delightfully
sung,
Where the deeds of her heroes, the songs of
the free.

But silent and broken, its chords all unstrung,
Hangs the harp that he lov'd, in her desolate
halls ;

And hush'd are the strains, which in gladness
 were sung,
 And torn is the banner that floats on her walls.

Oh ! Erin ma yourneen ! the wanderer cried,
 Ere life's dream shall be over, I hope still to
 see,
 Thy bright banner wave in its beauty and pride,
 The green flag of Erin, the flag of the free !

SONG.

Sung 27th Sept. 1824.

THE DAY OF GENERAL LA FAYETTE'S ARRIVAL IN
 PHILADELPHIA.

AIR.—To Anacreon in Heaven.

1

ALL hail to the Chieftain, who cross'd the rude
 deep,
 When oppression's dark clouds dimm'd our
 national glory ;
 When the genius of freedom in sorrow did weep,
 For the wrongs of a land, now immortal in story.

'Twas then our sires by nature urg'd on,
 Resolv'd to be free, because free, man
 was born.
 And they cried with one voice, "Let us on to
 the field,
 We'll fall, ere our rights to a monarch we yield."

2

'Twas then a young chief, 'mid the wide world's
 applause,
 Cross'd the deep, to defend our sorrowing
 nation ;
 Life, honor and fortune, embark'd in the cause,
 Which involv'd in it all that was dear in
 creation.
 Like an angel he came,
 And immortal his name,
 Shall forever appear on the records of fame ;
 And the sun of our glory in darkness shall set,
 When we cease to honor the brave LA FAYETTE.

3

And now he has come in the fullness of fame,
 To the land he defended when young and in-
 vaded ;

He now views her free, and her hallowed name
Which is cherish'd by freemen, shall ne'er be
degraded.

Her sons all unite,
With the voice of delight,

To greet the lov'd hero, who foremost in fight,
Involv'd our dear home in sweet gratitude's debt,
Which we now freely yield, to the good LA
FAYETTE.

4

Oh ! stay, honor'd chief, in the land which in
youth,

When oppress'd, you so nobly and bravely de-
fended ;

Her laws have their basis in justice and truth,
And are cherish'd by freedom, for which we
contended.

And when from this earth,
To the home of the blest

You are call'd, in our WASHINGTON's grave
you shall rest ;

But the star of your glory, it never will set,
But forever will brilliantly beam—LA FAYETTE.

THE ORPHAN.

MOTHER, awake ! the sun has set,
 And darkness spreads along the sky ;
 No silver star is peeping yet,
 And save the night-bird's mournful cry,
 And the winds whistling loud and shrill,
 I hear no sound, 'tis fearful still.

Mother, awake ! for thou hast slept,
 Long on the cold earth by my side ;
 I slumber'd not, but watch'd and wept,
 And yet could tell not *why* I cried.
 'Tis bleak and very lonesome here,
 I tremble sadly, mother dear.

- Ah ! me, why dost thou not awake ?
 I've call'd thee, mother, oft and loud ;
 A storm seems rising, soon will break
 Yon heavy and alarming cloud.
 There is no shelter for my head,
 Cold and expos'd too, is *thy* bed.

She hears me not—how pale and cold
 Art thou, my mother dear ;
 The dead are so I have been told,
 She breathes not, and I fear
 My mother's dead ! in lonesome woe,
 Onward her orphan boy must go.

Go ! where ? ah ! God direct me now.
 Father of all ! my *only* one ;
 Guide my young footsteps, teach me how
 To live, thy unprotected son.
 Kind Heaven ! perchance my pray'r of grief
 Is heard, and thou dost bring relief.

Kind stranger ! list the orphan's tale,
 And do not check soft pity's tear ;
 Tho' young, I've felt misfortune's gale,
 It has blown bitter and severe.
 'Round her who slumbers 'neath yon tree,
 Reliev'd from earthly misery.

It is my mother ! from our home,
 An humble cottage, we were driven
 By cruel man ! and forc'd to roam,
 No roof to shelter us but heaven.

Which like my fate, in gloom is shrouded,
And all its beauties over clouded.

My father fell in battle strife,
When I an infant in the arms,
Felt not the storms of chequer'd life,
Knew nought of dire wars alarms ;
But that I knew a mother's love,
My tears of anguish now will prove.

Too young to labour, mother strove
To gain a livelihood for me ;
And while from place to place we'd rove,
I cheer'd her with my revelry.
Unto the town our way we sped,
'Thro' this dark forest—Hope has fled.

Yes, Hope has fled—for she, whose love
Urged her with sickness to contend,
No longer lives, and I must rove
Without a parent, guide or friend ;
Unless kind stranger thou wilt cheer
The boy, whose mother slumbers here.

STRANGER.

Boy, I have listen'd to thy tale,
And I will prove a friend to thee ;

Thou art a plant, bent by the gale
 Of deep and keen adversity.
 Tell me fair boy, thy father's name,
 And died he in a field of fame?

BOY.

Albert De Courcy, was his name,
 And on the field of Waterloo
 He fell; it was a field of fame,
 But ah ! of desolation too.
 Stranger ! the orphan's pray'rs are thine,
 May joy and peace around thee shine.

Farewell, my mother ! from above
 Now smile upon thy orphan boy ;
 Befriended, cherish'd, e'en with love,
 Again his heart may throb with joy.
 Often thy grave, with tearful eye,
 And filial hand with flowers he'll strew ;
 And think like to thy soul on high,
 Life's faded plant will bloom anew.

THE MARINER'S SERENADE.

AIR.—*Of the Canadian Voyageurs.*

Blow breezes blow,
While lightly we row,
Our boat thro' the waters, when calmly they
 sleep;
Sweet is the night,
The moon beams are bright,
 Dancing upon the deep.

Come, come
Lady love, come
Leave thy young slumber, thy lover is near thee ;
Home, home,
The ocean his home,
 On land only thou art lov'd dearly.

Sleep, haste away,
Tarry not until to day,
'Thanks dear one, thou'rt coming thy footsteps I
 hear ;

Now swiftly row,
 Blow breezes blow,
 Rest love, there's naught to fear,

Gay, gay,
 Speed we away,
 Our barque lightly dances upon the blue sea love.
 Tempests shall sleep,
 While thou'rt on the deep,
 Smiling thy blessings on me love.

LINES

*Written in a Lady's Album, beneath an engraving
 of Love sharpening his arrows.*

MISCHIEVOUS urchin, still dost seek
 To give new venom to thy dart ?
 To dim the eye, and blanch the cheek,
 And ah ! too often break the heart ?

Why is it, when you hither come
 Deriving pleasure from our pain ;

Thou wilt not sorrow leave at home,
Or with thee take him back again ?

Thy joy is in the pallid cheek,
The tears o'er beauty's face that roll ;
Thy melody, the sighs that speak
The desolation of the soul.

Now throw thy useless quiver by,
If thou would'st torture mortal hearts ;
Go borrow from Myrtilla's eye,
Her piercing glances for thy darts.

THE PESTILENCE.

*Written during the prevalence of the Cholera in
1832.*

Gloom, all is gloom and sadness, the glad smile
Lights not the faces we were wont to see
Illumin'd by its presence, and the voice
Of mirth is hush'd in pleasure's bowers ;
No fairy forms move lightly thro' them now,

Scentless and wither'd all their flowers lie,
 Their bloom departed and their fragrance fled.
 The "pomp and circumstance" of joyous life,
 No longer meet the eye—the busy hum
 Of industry is still, and all, alas !
 Is sad and silent now, where all was health,
 Activity and joy.

Whence is this change ?

The fatal truth is known, the Pestilence
 Which spares not, is abroad, spreading around,
 Sorrow, and death and terror. The mother,
 Hugs her infant to her breast, as tho' 'twere safe,
 When nestled on that pillow of its love,
 From the destroyer; and the flower
 Droops and perishes, even on the soil
 From whence it drew the nourishment of life.
 The unattended hearse moves slowly thro'
 The melancholy streets, no mourning train
 Follow the victims of the pestilence ;
 Unshriv'd they die, and to their last low home
 Without a pray'r consign'd, without a tear,
 To mingle with the sod that's thrown upon
 Their breasts.

GOD ! ALL GRACIOUS AND ETERNAL !

To thee, the voice of wailing is uprais'd,
 The heart uplifted, and the form bent low

In earnest supplication ; in pity
 Soothe th' afflicted, and the sick restore
 To cheerfulness and health, to bless the name
 Of HIM whose justice chastens, and whose
 Mercy heals !

ODE,

*Spoken by MRS. HAMBLIN, at the Bowery Theatre,
 November 25, 1830. On the occasion of the
 celebration of the FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

HARK ! 'twas a battle shout, stern war's alarms
 Rend the still air, the cry is, "on, to arms !"
 'Tis heard, and tis obey'd ; the sons of France,
 From vale and mount, with hearts resolv'd, ad-
 vance,
 To strike for freedom and their native land,
 And snatch the sceptre from a despot's hand.

Bravely they battle for their charter'd rights,
 And freedom's banner raise again on high :

While smiling vales, and lofty mountain
heights,
Ring loudly, with the soul-inspiring cry.

“ To arms ! to arms ! ” the signal word is given !
High floats their banner,—smile upon them
Heaven !

Lo ! 'tis an eagle soars o'er yonder dome,
The bird of Freedom seeks her early home ;
Now on the air a shout of triumph swells,
A tale of wonder that proud Peæn tells.

“ Free ! we are free ! ” the words of joy are
spoken,
The tyrant flies, the despot's chains are broken.
Land of the vine-clad hills and fertile vale !
Thy songs of triumph rise upon the gale ;
The flag of freedom is again unfurl'd,
And hail'd with plaudits by th' admiring world.

Now o'er the sea,
To the land of the free,
Thy triumphant shouts are brought ;
And the tale is told,
How thy children bold,
For the rights of their father's fought.

And millions of freemen, fair France, arise;
 And echo back thy rejoicing cries;
 And glad is the greeting, fair France, they send
 To their ancient ally, and their early friend.

Nation of gallant hearts ! when tyrant power
 Spread desolation through our native land ;
 Thy hero came to aid us in that hour,
 With noble heart and ever ready hand ;
 He fought and bled in our country's cause,
 Gain'd our love, and won the world's applause.

'Twas La Fayette ! last of the gallant band,
 That crush'd oppression in this western
 world ;
 Who wrench'd the sceptre from the tyrant's
 hand,
 And the bright flag of liberty unfurl'd.

He led thy champions to the gallant fight,
 Which burst thy chains, proclaim'd the people's
 right !
 Who sees again, as in his life's young dream,
 The star of freedom on his country beam.

Long may the banners of both nations wave,
 In proud alliance over land and sea;
 And teach the world, the virtuous and brave,
 Alike are mighty, and alike ARE FREE.

THE RETURN.

THERE'S gladness in the hall, the scene is gay;
 The glowing torches in their gilded frames,
 Shame the broad day-light, when the glorious sun
 Gladdens the earth and gilds the boundless
 heaven.

Sweet music echoes through the marble halls,
 And Syren voices mingle with soft notes,
 Like angels warbling in their own bright sphere.
 There, a gay group of light and careless hearts,
 Reckless of future ill, who in the dance,
 Trip light as fairies o'er the summer plains.
 Mark you that maiden ? she, whose sylph-like
 form,
 Is beauty's model, whose enchanting smiles

Are love's own sunbeams ; and whose beauteous
eyes,

Blue as the cloudless sky of smiling spring,
Wound, while they gaze upon you. Ere saw you
One more lovely ? has the poet's song,
With all creative fancy's imagery,
Ere sung of one more truly beautiful ?
See with what grace, she moves unto the strain,
Of the pure melody which sways the dance ;
She seems a being of a brighter world,
Deigning awhile to dwell awhile on this,
And reign the mistress of the festive throng.
Oh ! how I love that girl ! in childhood's hours,
When the world's cold and strange formalities
Restrain'd us not, we gaily roam'd together,
As happy as the free-wing'd birds of-air,
Who gaily warble in the summer groves.
A change came o'er our lives—it was decreed,
That cold adversity should be *my* lot,
While fortune's brightest beams should cheer her
life.

Gay glittering jewels deck'd her snowy brow,
And yet her radiant eyes outshone their bright-
ness ;

Or if with smiling flowers she deck'd her hair,
The bloom upon her cheek, but sham'd the rose, . .

Though they had robb'd the garden of its fairest,
 To mingle with her love-concealing curls.
 Still she seem'd to love, and smil'd upon me ;
 And gladly greeted me, as when in childhood
 She ran as fleetly as the mountain fawn,
 With joyous heart and happy looks to meet me.
 We parted—it seems as 'twere but yesternight,
 When in the garden 'neath the starlit skies,
 We met and vow'd eternal constancy.
 There was some joy, e'en in that parting hour,
 She promis'd truth ; and who could doubt a girl
 Who look'd so innocent and beautiful,
 That when the bare surmise of falsehood, flash'd
 Like an unholy spirit cross my brain,
 I spurn'd the damning thought, as tho' indeed
 It were insulting heaven's own image,
 Embodied in a being so divine.
 Two fleeting years have pass'd ; again I stand,
 Within the halls, where once she gladly met
 The well-lov'd partner of her youthful sports.
 Mark how she views me now ; a distant smile,
 Such as we give the beggar we relieve ;
 Nay not e'en so kind, for that's the cheerful,
 The soul-bespeaking smile of charity !
 She gazes on me, with an eye of frost—
 Ah ! no ! she does not—in the giddy throng,

She knew me not—but now behold, that smile
 Bespeaks a faithful heart ; she leaves the dance,
 A tear of joy is sparkling in her eye,
 A smile of welcome plays around her lips,
 No more—no more—she's *true*, and I am happy !

DRINKING SONG.

DRINK deep, drink deep of this sparkling wine,
 'Twill banish each remnant of sorrow ;
 What tho' to day lads, no sun may shine,
 Believe me 'twill rise on the morrow.

Come fill high the goblet our spirits flag,
 Dull care shall not vex us to day boys ;
 We have sworn if the greybeard unfurls his black
 flag,
 To tear it and turn him away boys.

Come fill ev'ry goblet, I'll tell ye the tale
 Of my loves, and i' faith I've had many ;

And chang'd them, but now my fond heart with-
out fail,

Ever turns to my rosy lipp'd Fanny.

First Clara, in Spain, a true beauty indeed,

Ensnar'd me, I thought her secure boys ;

I ask'd for her hand, but she lik'd not my creed,

And *hers*, I could never endure boys.

In Italy then, a bright girl caught my eye,

And my heart soon to her was devoted ;

I offered myself, but she said with a sigh,

An old husband, alas ! on her doated.

To a rosy fac'd Dutch lass, I next made my bow,

But the stern one repell'd each advance ;

So there disappointed in getting a *frau*,

I resolv'd on a visit to France.

To France then I hasten'd unfetter'd by love,

But Cecile with her black eyes soon caught me;

Yet the hard-hearted creature I never could move,

So to England, the next packet brought me.

In England, "where slaves as they land are
made free,"

Instantly a slave I was made ;



For love in the shape of fair Bell beckon'd me,
And as usual, I bow'd and obey'd.

But still disappointed, to home I then came,
To this land of the free in the west ;
Where ever unchanging, love's hallowed flame,
Shall faithfully glow in my breast.

Here Fanny enchanted, and soon my brave boys
Our hands like our hearts we'll unite ;
Then drink, comrades drink, to the queen of my
joys,
Drink deep, while the cup sparkles bright.

Let Spain keep her Donnas, they'll ne'er do for
me,
Nor bright Signorinas not any ;
French, English and Spanish, I'll let them all be,
Secure in the love of my Fanny.

A DREAM.

THE shadows of our sleep are marvellous ;
THEY do not vanish when our eyes unclose,
BUT hang upon the memory forever.
WOND'rous the changes, I have seen in dreams,
WHOLE years pass by with their mutations ;
THOSE that have long since fled do live again,
WITH all the glowing scenes of happy youth ;
WHILE those to come, are shown unto us then,
WITH all the frightful images of dark
FUTURITY.

I had a dream last night,
WHICH haunts me even now that sleep has fled.
'Twas not all terrifying, for at first
MY slumbers were as light and heavenly
AS those of infancy ; then was my dream
DELIGHTFUL ; I beheld the home of youth,
THE cottage, where first my eyes were open'd
ON the world ; the woodbine, wither'd now,
AGAIN bloom'd beautifully ; the songs of infancy
ALMOST forgotten now, a thousand happy voices
ONCE more warbled, while I as happily

In chorus join'd. I chas'd the mountain goat,
 As oft in childhood I was wont to do,
 When not a care would mar the fleeting hours.
 The smiles of beings that I dearly lov'd,
 Once more beam'd kindly on me; the voice of
 her,

Whose voice in dreams alone, I now can hear,
 With mine united in the morning song,
 To Him, who guides the mysteries of sleep.
 Darkness came o'er the vision and slumber
 Then grew feverish, and the dream of joy
 Fled from me—the cottage was destroy'd,
 The song was hush'd—the smiles I valu'd lost;
 And I beheld the being I ador'd,
 Again in all the agonies of death.
 Still I awoke not, and felt as one
 Stretch'd on a bed of fire; the air of night,
 Sirocco-like blew on me—then, Oh ! then,
 Methought men with grim malignant visages,
 Tore me from her I lov'd, and hurried me
 Down to the river side, where a tall ship,
 With canvass spread, ready to woo the waves,
 I then beheld; and as we came, the seamen
 Shouted “welcome !” and rent the air with peals
 Of maniac laughter—they hurried me
 On board that fearful ship, and fetter'd there,

I vainly plead for mercy—or for death.
 Not one bright cloud, adorn'd the heavens then ;
 I saw the dark and foam'd topp'd waves around,
 And stormy skies above me ; loud then blew
 The winds, on dash'd the ship, the canvass rent,
 Flapp'd wildly 'gainst the groaning masts.
 Still louder grew the storm, higher the waves ;
 The masts like willows bow'd and half way met
 them,

Seeming to whisper with the angry waters.
 Soon they broke, and the shorn hull dash'd
 madly on

Like an affrighted courser ; then I heard
 The cry, " She leaks ! she leaks !" and the
 hoarse order
 " To the pumps"—there flew the 'wilder'd sea-
 men :

They were choak'd and useless, and I heard
 'The rushing waters, flow in the shatter'd craft.
 Fast the leak gain'd upon us—and the men
 Desperate and hopeless, on each other gaz'd,
 And wildly rail'd at heaven for deserting them,
 The boats were swept away, and tho' I knew
 Death was inevitable, 'twas welcome.
 Death came, to all save me ! the vessel sunk !
 Tho' his dark ravages were all around,

Yet I liv'd, and saw the livid corpses
Of the crew ; down, down in the deep was I,
Gazing upon the wonders there unfolded.
I heard the mermaids wond'rous melody,
And gaz'd upon the golden dolphin's play ;
At length my limbs grew stiff, my blood was
chill'd,

And life then left its citadel—horror
On horror, still augmenting grew. My soul,
Pass'd into those dark and burning regions,
Where sin must meet its doom ; and the torments
Of the deeply damn'd where shown unto me.
Nay, I *felt* them all. Hades and its dark crew,
Were all around me, and I could not 'scape
them ;

Torment on torment rack'd, until at length
So great the agony became, I shriek'd aloud,
And shrieking I awoke, sick—fever'd—pain'd.

THE IDIOT GIRL'S SONG.

THEY say there's a land beyond the sky,
Where tears do never flow ;

Where never is heard a sorrowing sigh,
 Where the heart feels no pang of wo.
 Oh ! would I were there, if truth they tell,
 Tho' the earth is fair, and I love it well,
 Were it not for those around me ;
 Cold, cruel looks, they turn on me,
 And they mock the idiot's misery,
 And with bitter taunts they wound me.

Do flowers grow in that spirit clime,
 Like those of the green earth here ?
 Are there bowers of roses, groves of lime,
 And no wintry winds severe ?
 For I shrink and weep in the wintry gale,
 When my flowers die, and my cheeks turn pale,
 And the sweet birds, do not sing ;
 And I'm sad—but alas ! I am always so,
 Tho' I feel on my heart less weight of wo,
 In the merry smiling spring.

Will the stars that gem the evening sky,
 Gleam on my pathway there ?
 Will I feel no taunt, or hear no cry,
 That mocks at my despair ?
 How can I sail to that spirit isle,
 Where hearts that are happy forever smile,

Where my soul will again be light ?
 With the starry clouds that shine on high
 I'll make me a boat, tho' I rob the sky,
 And my galley, it shall be bright.

Do streams of silver water flow,
 Like my mirror bright streams of earth ?
 On whose banks the modest lillies grow
 Which they cherish from their birth ?
 They say, that angels bright, dwell there,
 But oh ! I know not, what angels are ;
 Are they birds like those I love ?
 Do they warble so sweetly, notes so wild,
 If so, I will sit like a gentle child,
 And listen, there above.

Open, open, thou lovely sky !
 Show me that land of bliss ;
 Tho' the earth is fair, I would rather die,
 Than live in a world like this.
 None look with kindly eyes on me,
 No soothing voice, speaks sympathy,
 None heed me, when I weep ;
 But perchance, if I die neglected here,
 Some may feel my story, and shed a tear,
 When they point to the grave where I sleep.

SONG OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

We smile, we smile, the summer gale
Kisses the red rose, and lily pale ;
We smile, 'tis among us the nightingale sings,
When the lover his maid to our bower brings.
There are those that shrink, from night's balmy
air,

And those whom its kisses, leave still more fair ;
Some close as in slumber, and do not awake
Till the breath of the morning their slumbers
break.

We smile, we smile, when the summer breeze,
Revives the bright orange and cinnamon trees ;
We mingle our odors with those of the east,
And mortals inhale the ambrosial feast.
But fleeting our lives, cold winter our bloom
Will summon away to its annual tomb.
We droop and we sigh, but his voice we obey,
And slowly and sadly, we wither away.

Yet while summer winds fan us, we think not
 of woe,
 In the pride of our beauty awhile we will glow ;
 And the murmur of dying gales, gently shall tell,
 So perish the loveliest—earth ! fare thee well !

FANCY AND FACT.

I WOULD I were in Italy ! I have read
 Of its bright skies and ever smiling plains,
 Where flowers bloom eternally ; of groves
 Of golden fruit, the luscious orange,
 And reviving lemon ; and its music !
 Oh ! the sweet songs of Italy ! so soft,
 And soul-enchanting ! like the strains, angels
 Delight to warble in *their* paradise !
 I dream by day, my life is made of dreams ;
 They hover round my pillow in the night,
 Nor do they vanish when the daylight breaks,
 But hang upon my memory forever.
 In sober silence, I have often mus'd
 On these ethereal creations, and

My dreaming fancy, then has wasted me
 Into the land of minstrelsy and heroes.
 I have seen the Tiber, the proud Tiber,
 With her "yellow waves," and I've gaz'd upon
 The seven hill'd city, in its days of pride,
 Then o'er its fallen grandeur wept in truth ;
 Bath'd in the waters of the gentle Po,
 And slept in verdant groves on rosy pillows.
 And then I've listen'd to Italian strains
 So sweetly warbled—but that was not a dream,
 I would it were ; and yet—but list my tale.

* * * * *

There came from Italy a gay bright girl,
 With sparkling eyes that sham'd the stars above,
 And hair, so dark and rich and beautiful,
I dreamt, I saw a love in ev'ry ringlet.
 Then her form ! did you e'er dream of fairies ?
 Or the Medicean Venus ! or the Graces ?
 Or any form that might be deem'd perfection ?
 I see her even now in fancy's mirror,
 And yet it is in vain, I strive to paint her
 Beyond all earthly things, she was so lovely.
 She was not fair, and yet there was a bloom
 Upon her cheek, a whiteness on her brow,
 Betraying something of the rose and lily.
 I lov'd my bright Italian ! when she sung,

The nightingale would hush her strains and listen.
 There was a sweetness in that angel voice,
 Which o'er the soul shed such tranquillity,
 It never could awake but to adore.
 Oh ! how I lov'd, yet dar'd not tell her so ;
 A stern, dark old Italian at her side,
 Would not permit a touch of her fair hand,
 Much less a gentle whisper in her ear.
 I fancied him the father of the maid,
 So "screw'd my courage to the *speaking point*,"
 And made a bold avowal of my love ;
 Then had the "earth op'd wide and swallow'd
 me,"
 Had my limbs "refus'd their offices,"
 Or my heart become a frigid mass of ice,
 'Twould not have been a wond'rous circum-
 stance ;
 The grim old wretch cried out, "it is ma sposa"
 And roll'd his large green jealous eyes at me,
 Then with my dark ey'd songstress on his arm,
 (Who all the while look'd love and *lovely* too,)
 Left me like one condemn'd to instant death.
 I have not seen them since, save in my dreams,
 Where still that dark old amorite pursues me,
 And thunders in mine ears, "it is ma sposa !"

I have been told, that in her native land,

View gems than those of the earth more bright,
 The yellow amber and pearl so white ;
 Inhale the fragrance of sea-grown flowers,
 And roam with our spirits thro' coral bowers.
 Oh ! ye who fear nor wind nor wave,
 Follow me to my ocean cave.

STANZAS.

“ Men toil,
 And bards burn what they call the midnight taper,
 To gain, when the original is dust—
 A name.”

BYRON.

WHAT is it ? Fancy's glittering crown
 That lures the young aspirant on ;
 The laurel chaplet of renown
 That's gain'd, alas ! when life is gone.

Yes, youth and hope are ever twain,
 That spring, and bud and die united ;
 For when the flower of one we gain,
 Instead of bloom, we find it blighted.

Life's early dream ! 'twas dazzling bright,
 Fit for a poet's glowing story ;
 Fame open'd to my raptur'd sight,
 Her portals, honor, fortune—glory !

I toil'd for all, still beams the light
 That lures me onward—though each flower
 Of hope has felt cold sorrows blight,
 And wither'd lies in study's bower.

Yet so it is—to reach the goal
 Of bright renown and deathless fame ;
 Still throbs man's ardent, eager soul,
 To gain when he is dust—a name.

WHERE IS MAY?

WHERE art thou lingering, beautiful May,
 With thy sunny smiles and thy mantle gay?
 With thy balmy breath, thy buds and flowers,
 And all that gladdens the fleeting hours ?

Thou wert wont to come with a smiling brow,
 Not darkened with clouds, as we see thee now ;
 And the woodland minstrels would gladly sing,
 A welcome of joy to the Queen of Spring.

There's no song from the woodland, no blossom
 on trees,
 No buds on the rose bush, no warmth in the ;
 breeze,
 No green on the heath, not a leaf on the bough—
 All nature, sweet May, seems to ask where art
 thou ?

Thou hast come—but thy brow is not deck'd
 with the wreath,
 Of the flowers that brighten the field and the
 heath ;
 For e'en as they bud now, the gale passeth by
 So chill, that in budding they wither and die.

Why sleep in the lap of old winter so long,
 Thou Queen of the garden, the valley and song ?
 Oh ! come with thy beauty, thy sunshine and
 flowers,
 With thy birds for the wild wood and bloom for
 the bowers,

THE DEAD HUSSAR.

Written after reading a beautiful sketch so entitled, which appeared in the Evening Star of the 18th July, 1834.

'TIS this is not death ! There is no terror here—
 No outward seeming that the tyrant king
 Hath made a victim of the manly form,
 Which stretch'd and motionless upon yon bier,
 Lies calm and tranquil as an infant
 Lull'd by his mother's song to gentle sleep.
 True, there's no rosy hue upon the cheek ;
 But there's a smile yet ling'ring 'round the lips,
 From which the coral redness hath not fled ;
 And the clos'd lids that hide the orbs of sight,
 Veil them, as though sweet slumber rested there.
 Yet death is there ! And o'er a form like that,
 Fashion'd by God, in nature's fairest mould,
 'Twere manliness to weep ! No fell disease
 Insidiously nipp'd life's early bud :
 Nor did he fall in the hot battle's strife—
 For there, when war's shrill trump had call'd
 him forth,
 Confronting danger he was ever found.

For him, no longer had the soldier's life
 The charms of early days—no longer did
 The spirit-stirring drum waken proud feelings
 In the warrior's breast ; the hopes of early youth,
 The laurel-wreath, ambition, glory, fame—
 All that the young aspiring soul had sought,
 Droop'd wither'd, died, beneath the blighting
 chill

Of disappointment, and affection scorn'd.
 He lov'd with that intensity of soul,
 Which deifies the object unto whom
 Man yields his heart, and owns himself a slave :
 He lov'd, to be rejected and despis'd,
 Even by her, compar'd to whose affection,
 Fame, glory, life—all that man most prizes—
 Were nought to him whose love was not a plant
 Of sudden growth, but which in early life
 Had sprung within his breast, which ardent hope,
 Like sunshine beaming on the flow'rs of earth,
 Had warm'd into existence and to bloom.
 The blight fell on the flower, and it died :
 Life lost its charms ! The soldier was alone
 At night's still hour, and memory recall'd
 All the sweet visions of his boyhood—
 Those bright imaginings—pictures, that youth
 With ardent fancy draws in very air,

And gilds with sunbeams !

Alone and wretched !

Earth all around him in her loveliness !

Heaven above him, with her countless stars,

The shining witnesses of his despair.

A thought of death came o'er his sadden'd soul,

And sudden as the thought was his resolve.

He knelt, and blessing her his soul ador'd,

Drew forth his sword with firm and steady hand,

And Roman-like, fell on its glitt'ring point,

To rise no more !

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, have I lov'd ? yes, woe has chang'd

The feelings of my soul indeed ;

I who in gladness oft have rang'd,

O'er mountain wild and fertile mead,

With coldness look on lake and bower,

On mountain wild and gentle flower ;

For nature's beauties, cannot cheer

The heart, when desolation's there.

What have I lov'd ? the glorious sun
 That rose upon my cottage home ;
 No happier being beam'd upon,
 'Neath humble roof or lordly dome.
 I lov'd him *then*, his golden beams
 Gilding the forests, groves and streams ;
 Mournful remembrance ! telling how
 Lone, sad and desolate, I'm now.

What have I lov'd ? the morning bird,
 Who singing gaily, high would soar ;
 His early lays by none were heard,
 Who could have lov'd to hear them more.
 But all the joys of life have fled,
 And all the hopes of youth are dead ;
 And when the heart is blighted so,
 Can life be cherish'd ? no—ah ! no.

The earth will smile, when storms have ceas'd,
 That plants have sear'd, and oaks have riven ;
 Nature will look with joy increas'd,
 Upon the glorious bow of heaven.
 But when the heart is torn and sear'd,
 And ev'ry hope which life endear'd
 Has fled—Ah ! then the soul's despair
 Feels there's no bow of promise there.

THE SEASONS.

I saw the young Spring smile
On the rejoicing earth ;
And my heart was glad, when the flowers bright
Adorn'd it with their birth.
And I lov'd to hear the minstrelsy
Of the birds as they flew on high ;
And the sighings of the gentle gale,
As it came passing by.

And I saw the gay Spring pass,
And the sultry Summer come ;
In dark green verdure was the earth,
And the flowers were in their bloom.
And I sought the shady groves,
When the noon-day sun oppress'd ;
And crav'd the cooling gales to come
And fan me into rest.

Then Summer pass'd away,
And the yellow Autumn smil'd ;
I listen'd to the reaper's song,
Harmonious yet wild.

And beheld the yellow leaves
 Fall from the waving tree ;
 And methought life has its Autumn,
 So will it be with me.

Then hoary Winter came,
 And Autumn fled before him ;
 The snow spirit follow'd in his path,
 And fleecy clouds hung o'er him.
 Yet even Winter has its joys,
 If content be only smiling
 Round the cheerful hearth, the social song
 Hours of care beguiling ;
 Or merry tale or lively dance
 To wile away each hour ;
 Never forgetting the heartfelt pray'r,
 To an ALMIGHTY POWER.

SCIPIO AND HANNIBAL.

ON Zama's plains, the hostile chieftains met ;
 One in the glow and energy of youth,
 The other, worn with hardship, toil and care.
 They paus'd, and each upon the other gaz'd
 In silent admiration.

Stern Hannibal.

Thus wisely to the youth Scipio spoke,
 And oh ! as after days too truly prov'd,
 He was prophetic in his speech, as wise.
 " Young man," thus spoke the enemy of Rome,
 " To fortune's present sunshine do not trust;
 " All in thy young and inexperience'd glance,
 " Seems bright and thornless, and the people's
 love
 " Thou deem'st, will thus thro' life thy progress
 cheer.
 " Trust not to fortune, trust not to their love ;
 " Both are uncertain as the reckless waves,
 " Which now roll madly and destructively,
 " Or else sleep calmly in delusive rest."

The counsel was unheeded ; history's page
 Records the fearful battle of that day,
 And tells of gallant Scipio's conquest.
 Years swiftly flew; scarce fifteen had elaps'd,
 When he, the victor of Zama's combat,
 Stood an accused criminal arraign'd.
 He, once the idol of the people's love,
 Whose fame in glowing minstrelsy was sung,
 Was charg'd with disaffection to the State
 He had so truly and so bravely serv'd.
 Proudly he spurn'd the charges—'twas the pride
 Which ever springs from conscious innocence.
 " This day," he cried, " scarce fifteen years ago,
 " On Zama's plains, I conquer'd Hannibal ;
 " Is this a day fitting for noisy brawls ?
 " Follow me then, on to the Capitol !
 " And to the immortal Gods surrender thanks,
 " For all the blessings they have given us;
 " And humbly crave that ye may always have,
 " A leader true, as Scipio hath prov'd."
 Such were the feelings of his mighty soul ;
 He saw that vulgar praise, e'en like the flower
 Of a day's existence, withers ere it blooms.
 He left the seat of triumph and of woe,
 And on the bed of death, he calmly thought
 Of Zama's plains and Hannibal's advice.

And as the lamp of fleeting life grew dim,
 The hero said, "here in this calm retreat,
 "Let me repose when life's sad dream is o'er;
 "That e'en my very *bones*, may ne'er again,
 "The scenes revisit of ungrateful Rome."

STANZAS.

THE home of my early days, when life was young
 and light !
 The scenes that childhood lov'd, when ev'ry hope
 was bright ;
 The friends and scenes of happy youth, when
 hearts were always gay,
 Like shadows they have gleam'd awhile, and
 then they pass'd away.

The voices I have lov'd, Oh ! yes, I hear them
 still,
 Thro' a heart they never can forget, enchantingly
 they thrill ;

The forms that I ador'd, in vision's 'round me
 play,
 In fancy I behold them yet, tho' they have pass'd
 away.

Some to the silent grave, others the wide seas
 part,
 Yet they are never absent, from a fond and faith-
 ful heart ;
 The objects infancy has lov'd, from memory ne'er
 decay,
 Oh ! no, they still will linger there, till life has
 pass'd away.

Yet those I most have lov'd, I still shall see again,
 Tho' others have forever gone, thank God ! they
 still remain ;
 'Twas bitter when we bade farewell—and yet
 we had to part,
 Their voices still are in mine ears, each image in
 my heart !

A father's look of love, a mother's angel voice !
 That when my heart has sorrow'd most, to hear
 it would rejoice ;

The smiles of infant beings, who to gaze upon
with love,
Made me forget that this was earth, and deem
myself above.

Tho' parted, hope still whispers, that we again
shall meet,
I'll view those smiles of love once more, and
hear those voices sweet;
I'll listen to her whisperings, her wand brings to
my gaze,
The happiness of youth again, a scene of brighter
days.

SONG

FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.

AIR—" *Le Petit Tambour.*"

Sound, sound, the martial strain,
Hail the joyous day again,
When the good and brave
On land and wave,

Threw off the despot's chain.
 When our sires' of noble name,
 Their Freedom did proclaim;
 And this western world
 Her flag unfurl'd,
 To glory and to fame.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the great and free !
 On land or on boundless sea,
 O'er the world shall wave
 The flag of the brave,
 Where the cry is, liberty !

2

Oh ! where does the traitor rest,
 With cold and heartless breast,
 Who would resign
 The gifts divine,
 His father's rich bequest.
 None, none this soil can tread,
 With soul to honour dead,
 The rights would yield
 Which, on battle-field
 To gain, our heroes bled.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the great and free !
 On land or on boundless sea,
 O'er the world shall wave
 The flag of the brave,
 Where the cry is, liberty !

3

Raise the song of joy again,
 O'er hill and over plain,
 While ev'ry voice
 Shall cry, rejoice !
 And join the grateful strain.
 Our star-gemm'd flag shall wave,
 The pride of the good and brave,
 And tears be shed
 For the honor'd dead;
 Who the blessings we cherish gave.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the great and free !
 On land or on boundless sea,
 O'er the world shall wave
 The flag of the brave,
 WHERE the cry is, LIBERTY !

IPPOLITA.

'Twas a fair scene in that bright land, whose skies
 Are ever beaming with the glowing smiles
 Of an eternal summer ! where the air,
 Comes from the fertile vales and orange groves,
 Sweet as the breath of angels, and kisses
 Into life the rose of health.

Italy !

Climè that my soul has lov'd from infancy ;
 Whose songs, e'en now are ling'ring in mine ears,
 Like distant murm'rings of an angel choir !
 Beneath thy skies, Ippolita was born ;
 I knew her, when a happy merry child
 She roam'd her native vale, and with a voice
 Bird-like and beautiful, she carroll'd forth
 Her wild-sweet songs, to which with raptur'd ear
 Her sire would listen, and praise the God
 Who to his love had given, a child so fair,
 So innocent and duteous ; a child
 I left her for a few brief years, and when
 Again I saw her, scarce could I recognise
 The little fairy of Italia's vale,

In her of beaming eye and bounding step,
 Who then came forth so joyously to meet me ;
 She was beautiful. A form more graceful,
 Even in my wildest dreams of fancy,
 I had ne'er beheld—eyes, dark and flashing
 As the young Gazelles—and love enkindling
 smiles,

That spoke the language of a young warm heart,
 As yet the seat of innocence and truth.
 Again I left her, and again return'd,
 Ere scarce another year had pass'd away.
 It was the evening hour, upon the rose
 The dew in moonbeams shone, while o'er the
 lake,

The silv'ry glances of the Queen of night,
 Reflected all the varied scen'ry round.
 A fairy form, attir'd in flowing robes
 As white as innocence, stood on the brink
 Of the clear stream, but still and statue like.
 Anon with measur'd step, she slowly mov'd
 To where a marble urn gave evidence,
 Of the repose of one, whose cares were o'er.
 With flowers she strew'd the humble monument,
 And as her hands the verdant off'ring flung,
 Thus did the sad one, with a voice which thrill'd
 My very soul, pour forth her plaintive lay.

“ Sleep, father sleep, no tears are shed,
 The broken-hearted cannot weep;
 But thus with flowers strew thy bed,
 And sing thee, like a babe to sleep.

“ Sleep, father sleep, tho’ other eyes
 Behold thee not, yet I can see
 Thy well-known features in the skies,
 In yon bright moon, that shines on me.

Each leaf is still, and calmly flows
 The silver lake so clear and deep;
 ’Tis the heart’s hour for repose,
 I’LL wake and watch, but thou shalt sleep.”

It was Ippolita ! chang’d sadly chang’d !
 For now, not one bright ray of intellect
 Shone on the brow it had so oft illum’d.
 She had been ruin’d, and her father’s heart
 Broke ’neath the shock, and the poor girl he lov’d,
 Abandon’d by the wretch who had destroy’d
 The happiness he promis’d to promote,
 Became a hapless lunatic, whose only joy
 Was nightly thus to watch her father’s grave,
 And fancy that her song lull’d him to sleep,
 E’en as a mother woos her babe to rest.

I call'd unto her,—and for a moment,
 Deem'd that she had recognis'd my voice.
 'Twas fancy !—she started at the sound, which
 broke

The universal stillness of the hour.
 At length she saw me, and with one loud shriek
 Of recognition, flew into my arms
 And pointed to the tomb—and then she smil'd.
 Oh God ! the smile of lunacy pierces
 The heart, and dwells in memory forever.
 She spoke not, but she clung to me, as though
 She had at last, found one whose love would not
 Forsake her !

 Poor girl ! 'twas but a moment's
 Joy for her on earth, her next was heaven !
 For in that hour she died upon my breast,
 And ere the sun set on the scene again,
 She slept in peace, beside her father's grave.

THE SALE OF HEARTS.

AIR—" *An Old Man would be wooing.*"

YOUNG Love, one day while playing,
 As love is wont to do;
 Beheld a damsel straying,
 Where wild flow'rs sweetly grew;
 And straight he vow'd, whate'er befell
 Some mischief he would try;
 And cried, "I've faithful hearts to sell!
 Come buy! come buy! come buy!
 Right fond and faithful hearts to sell,
 Come buy! come buy! who'll buy?"

The maiden was entwining,
 Of flowers bright and fair;
 With dew drops on them shining,
 A nosegay rich and rare;
 Half finish'd, from her hand it fell,
 When first she heard him cry,

"I've fond and faithful hearts to sell,
 Come buy ! come buy ! oh, buy !
 Right faithful hearts have I to sell,
 Come buy ! come buy ! who'll buy ?

To love, the maiden turning,
 The wily boy address'd ;
 Her cheeks with blushes burning,
 And sighs within her breast :
 " I want a heart, sweet boy," she said,
 " For none, alas ! have I ;"
 " Many have I, my pretty maid,
 So prythee, buy ! come buy !
 Many have I, my pretty maid,
 So buy, come buy ! come buy !

" My price is heart for heart, Miss,
 I take no other coin ;
 If maids with their's wont part Miss,
 I ask not, but purloin.
 And thine I have, I know child,
 I see it by thine eye ;
 Without one do not go child,
 But buy—come buy—oh, buy !
 Nay, nay thou shalt not go child,
 Without one—buy ! come buy !"

Just from the boy when parting,
 A shepherd youth their came ;
 Then trembling, blushing, starting,
 She heard him breathe her name.
 "Ho ! ho !" cried love, " what ! is it so ?
 Here's heart for heart ! I'll try ;
 An arrow swiftly left his bow ,
 Still crying, buy ! come buy !
 Now maiden, do not heartless go ;
 Good bye ! good bye ! good bye !

STANZAS.

Bear me afar, my gallant barque,
 Far o'er the foaming sea ;
 Tho' its storms are rude, and its waves are dark,
 Darker is fate with me.
 For fading fast are the fairy flowers,
 I've cherish'd from day to day ;
 And fled are my hope-enchanted hours,
 My barque ! bear me far away.

Oh ! bear me to some distant isle,
 From the home which I gladly leave ;
 Where those I deem'd my friends, could smile,
 But to ruin and deceive.
 Farewell, my native home, farewell !
 I will not curse thee—no !
 Thou art bound to me by a holy spell,
 And to leave thee, tears *will* flow.

I had hop'd too much—thought them sincere,
 Who were falser than the wind ;
 My birth-place ! none—oh ! none are there,
 I sigh to leave behind.
 Not one ? Oh ! yes—*one*, one will weep,
 She still perhaps is true ;
 But when dead in some distant land I sleep,
 She may forget me, too.

Can she forget me ? memory strays
 To the hour when first we met ;
 In brighter, happier, earlier days,
 The heart can ne'er forget.
 Wilt thou go with me gentle one,
 Over yon boundless sea ?
 My soul is thine—yet I must be gone.
 Ah ! dear one—come with me.

There's a tear in thine eye—and gloom on thy
brow,

Heed not what others say;

Take thy heart's counsel love—and now

My dearest ! come away.

My barque is safe—and on the breast,

Whose anguish thou wilt cheer;

In calmness lov'd one, shalt thou rest,

No sigh—no pang—no tear !

Thy foot is on the barque, my love !

Thy form is in my arms ;

There's a calm and cloudless sky above,

Oh ! banish vain alarms.

Speed ! speed thee on my gallant barque,

There are none to weep for now ;

Thou art with me, sweet—fate seems less dark,

My light of love art thou !

THE WATCH.

SLEEP fearless on, the sky is bright,
The stars are beaming on the deep ;
The moon sheds forth her gentle light,
All's well and safe ! then fearless sleep.
There's nought the slumb'rer's rest to break,
Scarce does the wind our canvass swell ;
The faithful watch alone, must wake,
And warning give that " All is well."

Now, now the gale, it brisker grows,
And higher swells the briny deep ;
Swifter the gallant vessel goes,
" All's well and fair," yet fearless sleep.
Furl yonder sail ! the wind is strong,
But yet no danger does it tell ;
List the untiring watchman's song,
Sleep calmly on, for " All is well !"

But now the stars grow dim and pale,
The moon has left the low'ring sky ;

Wake ! messmates, wake ! and furl each sail,
 The storm clouds gather thick on high.
 Hark ! hark ! the thunders deeply sound,
 A gath'ring tempest now they tell ;
 Rouse ! sleepers ! rouse, from rest profound,
 While yet the watch may cry " All's well."

The foaming waves now madly rise,
 The timbers creak, ah ! heaven be kind ;
 The vivid lightnings rend the skies,
 Like demon shouts ! now roars the wind.
 Cheerly ! my messmates, cheerly ho !
 Trust, trust to Him who high doth dwell ;
 Watching o'er all his crew below,
 And fondly hope, " All may be well."

Yes, yes ! for now the tempest breaks,
 Lulling the winds, the storm clouds fly ;
 Yonder, the rosy morning breaks,
 Spreading her blushes o'er the sky.
 Yon golden streaks proclaim the day,
 The sea-bird's strains, in music swell ;
 Cheerly, to duty then, away !
 The storm is weather'd, " All is well !"

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

A tribute to the Memory of **LIEUTENANT J.
McDONOUGH, of the "LIGHT GUARD" of New
York.**

Aye, furl the martial banner,
And cover it with pall;
And with measur'd tread
Bear the honor'd dead,
To the last low home of all

Yes, gaze upon that manly brow,
That frank and open face;
Wherein, tho' death is seated there,
His character you trace.

He was one, well lov'd while living,
He is one to mourn for, dead;
For from its "earthly tenement,"
A noble soul has fled.

Weep, weep ! the tears are manly,
The brave shed for the brave ;

They fall like holy dew upon
 A brother soldier's grave.

Now bear thy brother onward,
 For he gloried in thy fame ;
 And yield to him the martial rites,
 The gallant ever claim.

On ! bear him to his mother,
 And lay him in her breast ;
 Earth, claims her son ! then peacefully
 Consign him to his rest,
 'Neath holy ground
 Till trumpet sound,
 There sleep, thy comrade blest.

The martial train have halted,
 The funeral notes now cease ;
 A pray'r, and then the muskets roar,
 Tell that the solemn rites are o'er,
 The soldier sleeps in peace.

THE POLISH MATRON.

SHE stood a captive, 'mong her country's foes,
 A fetter'd slave, even beneath the skies.
 That smil'd upon her birth. Unmov'd she stood,
 Waiting the doom, to which the tyrants who
 Had trampled on her country's liberties,
 Would soon devote her. She sigh'd for death;
 For from the bonds of slavery and shame,
 Death had deliver'd all she lov'd on earth;
 And she, the last and loveliest of her race,
 Like a fair flower on a desert heath,
 Was left, in loneliness to droop and die.
 They doomed her to the scourge, but *not* to death;
 Such mercy was denied. Awhile she stood
 In silent agony, and then she spoke;
 But not to ask her tyrants, to revoke
 The sentence which their cruelty decreed.
 "Give me your scourge," she cried, "and spare
 "it not;
 "Let them who knew me in my life's young
 "hours,
 "Who with me sung the songs of Liberty,

" Behold the shame to which a daughter of
 " Once happy Poland, has been devoted
 " In their father-land ; let them look on,
 " And witness how she'll bear it, nor shrink, nor
 groan,
 " Nor bend her knee, to crave mercy from those
 " Whose hearts are like the black and blasted
 soil,
 " No dews refresh, or holy sun-beams warm."

No—not where sympathy might heave a sigh,
 Would they inflict the doom they had pronounc'd;
 Fitter, they deem'd it, for the dungeon's gloom,
 Than for the gaze of man and the broad light
 Of Heaven.

Unto her cell they bore her,
 To wait the dawning of another day
 Of slavery. Her *lute* was there,
 Which in the joyousness of early life
 She oft had touch'd, while in wild melody
 She carroll'd forth, the happy songs of Freedom !
 Once more she touch'd it, and the 'waken'd note,
 Seem'd like the sigh a broken heart sends forth :
 Again with trembling hand she swept its strings,
 And thus the hapless one, sung her FAREWELL.

Earth, fare thee well ! there is no spot
 Which thou couldst give to me,
 Like that where smil'd my father's cot,
 When all I lov'd were free !
 A despot rules my native land,
 I sigh a fetter'd slave ;
 Come, Death—Oh ! come, with friendly hand,
 My home must be—the grave.

* * * * *

The rosy morning blush'd upon the land :
 True to their cruelty, they came with scourge,
 The sentence of the tyrant to fulfil.
 They found their victim, bending o'er her lute,
 Silent and motionless. Did *she* slumber ?
 Yes, most happily ;—for ere they came,
 The angel she invok'd, had heard her pray'r,
 And given her ETERNAL LIBERTY. !

HOPE.

Yes I will hope, though years have fled,
Unchanging in their sadness by ;
Though ev'ry flower that rais'd its head
In bloom awhile, now torn and dead,
Wither'd upon life's path doth lie.

Ah ! didst thou know, how bright a dream
Hope's magic pencil fondly drew,
In life's young hour when every gleam
Upon the heart, was like the beam
Which gives the wave a rainbow hue ;

Thou wouldst not marvel, I should sigh
To know, it was too bright to last ;
Or that the tear should dim the eye,
Or on the soul, thus mournfully,
Despondency her shades should cast.

Gay are the poet's early hours,
Happy the early lay he sings ;

For then his harp is deck'd with flowers,
 Cull'd fresh from fancy's rosy bowers,
 Bright as his own imaginings.

Then in his ardent dream appears,
 A dew-gemm'd wreath that sparkles bright ;
 Dew-drops ! Alas ! they are the tears
 Wrung from his soul in after years,
 When friends forsake and sorrows blight.

Yet sweetly does the Syren sing,
 And tell when wintry storms arise ;
 The flowers which from the green earth spring,
 Wither ; but bloom, when on light wing
 Birds greet again, the sunny skies.

Onward ! still onward, glide my barque,
 A haven thou wilt reach at last ;
 Though clouds hang o'er thee dense and dark,
 Hope ! at thy helm, thou art an ark
 Of safety, to outride the blast.

MONODY

*Spoken by MR. HARRISON at the Park Theatre,
June 26, 1834, after the funeral solemnities in
honor of GENERAL LAFAYETTE,—and by MR.
PARSONS, at the American Theatre on the same
EVENING.*

FROM Francia's vine clad land, a sound of woe
Borne o'er the ocean is re-echo'd here ;
While Freedom's genius, bending sad and low,
In sorrow sighs and sheds the pearly tear.

Why mourn the genius of our native land ?
Why swell those notes of sadness on the gale ?
Why droops our star-gemm'd banner in her hand,
And why, with signs of woe, its brightness veil ?

She weeps for him, who o'er the distant wave,
'Mid regal splendor and wealth's dazzling light;
Abandon'd all, and leagu'd him with the brave,
To strike for freedom and a nation's rights !

Yes—**LA FAYETTE** ! whose name to ev'ry ear,
 Wakens proud feelings in the Patriot breast;
 To France, Columbia, and to freedom dear,
 Has sunk, time honor'd, to eternal rest.

Alas ! that goodness, valor, wisdom, virtue,
 worth,
 Should perish like the young and tender flower;
 Which sheds at noon its fragrance o'er the earth,
 But torn and scentless, dies at evening's hour.

Save his on History's eventful page,
 A name more honor'd, there's engrav'd, but
 one ;
 Known o'er the earth, ador'd in ev'ry age,
 His friend, companion, father—Washington !

With him united in that trying hour,
 When stern oppression giv'd our native land ;
 He struggled nobly 'gainst a tyrant power,
 And struck the sceptre from a despot's hand.

He liv'd to see the young world of the west,
 Rival her proud oppressor in the arts ;
 Soil of the free, and home of the oppress'd,
 A land of generous and grateful hearts.

The hero of two worlds has sunk to rest ;
 By nations' mourn'd, he's gather'd to the grave ;
 Belov'd of all, by grateful freemen blest,
 How treasur'd is the mem'ry of the brave.

Not fame alone immortal honour gives,
 A holier feeling do we cherish yet;
 'Tis gratitude ! as WASHINGTON still lives
 In Freemen's hearts, there too, lives LA FAY-
 ETTE !

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

FORTH from her mountain home she sped,
 With a light and happy heart ;
 And her brows were lit with the sunny smiles,
 Which joyous hopes impart.

Forth went she, with a bounding step,
 Her boy was at her side ;
 The semblance of her lord and love,
 Her blessing and her pride.

The smiles of Spring were on the land,
 In vernal bloom the flowers ;
 And the placid stream roll'd brightly on,
 Calm as life's earliest hours.

And the woodland minstrels from their nests,
 Arose on wanton wing ;
 And warbled forth in melody
 A welcome to the Spring !

Even upon a morn thus bright,
 Her husband bade farewell ;
 For war's shrill trump had echo'd thro'
 Mountain and grove and dell.

His armour she had buckled on,
 And sped him with a pray'r ;
 Such as a wife's fond heart sends forth,
 Whose lord is treasur'd there.

And now the joyous tale was brought,
 That war's fierce strife was o'er ;
 And evening's purple hour would bring
 The lov'd one home once more.

To meet him then, she journey'd forth
The matron and her boy ;
Her young fond heart, o'erflowing with
Hope, thankfulness and joy.

She look'd upon her baby boy,
Who had so bravely grown ;
Kiss'd his red lips, and gaz'd upon
His eyes, so like her own.

And thought how proud, his sire would mark
The beauty of his boy ;
And clasp'd him closer to her heart,
With all a mother's joy.

There came a sound upon the breeze,
It was a martial strain ;
But not of triumph did it tell,
She paus'd—it came again.

Why sunk her heart with terror then ?
Why fill'd her eyes with tears ?
She saw the plumed train advance,—
Beheld their glittering spears.

They came, but not as victors come,
 Measur'd and slow their tread ;
 And sadly now swells on the breeze,
 The requiem of the dead.

A fearful thought has cross'd her mind,—
 They halt,—she gazes round ;
 In ev'ry rank she seeks the one
 E'er in the *foremost* found.

None speak—but all with tearful eyes
 Look on a martial bier ;
 She shrieks—and lifts the banner pall—
Yes—he was lifeless there !

FINIS.

142



